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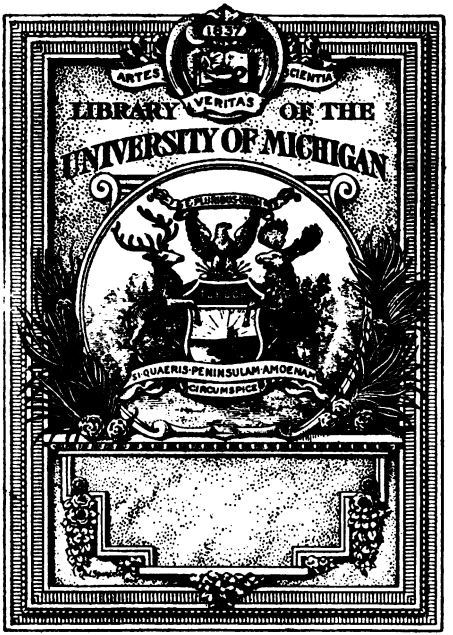
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
My Friend's Library	3
A Peculiar Case	65
Familiar Letter to House-Breakers	83
Our Village Dogmatist	95
A Watch that "Wanted Cleaning"	111
Bothersome People	119
Pleasant Ghosts	139
The Pettibone Lineage	147
Getting Home again	161
How to Rough it	179
An Old-Time Scholar	197
Diamonds and Pearls	209
The Author of "Paul and Virginia"	251
If I were a Boy again	277

MY FRIEND'S LIBRARY.

MY FRIEND'S LIBRARY.

I THINK it was Jean Paul who said he always looked on a library as a *learned conversation.* But there are libraries and libraries.

H. L. told me he once found a foolish, pedantic old millionnaire curled up in a luxurious apartment, walled with richly bound books, not one of which he had ever read, but all of which he pretended to have devoured. L. says that when he entered this room, bestudded with glittering tomes, the proprietor exclaimed: "And so you have found me out at last, alone with my books! Here's where I hide away from the family, day after day, and *nobody's none the*

wiser!" Pierce Egan has an anecdote of another "literary character," which I quote in this connection without comment.

"A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlors, discovered a young ass, who had found his way into the room, and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of Cicero's Orations, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of Seneca in Latin, a large part of a volume of La Bruyère's 'Maxims' in French, and several pages of 'Cecilia.' He had done no other mischief whatever."

The library of old Sir John Danvers, as described by Bernard, must have been a curiosity. It abounded with the best works of the best authors, but there was not one perfect volume in it. So eager had been Sir John in his pursuit of knowledge, says Bernard, that he had inspected every book in his collection; and wherever a passage pleased him, he *tore out the leaf and thrust it into his pocket!*

That was a clever remark of an English essay-

ist who told us so many years ago that he had such a reverence for the wisdom folded up on his library shelves that he considered the very perusal of the backs of his books "a discipline of humanity."

There are some household libraries which once visited can never be forgotten. R. W. has one, "filled to overflowing with delights." You cannot move about it anywhere and not be enchanted. There is scarcely an edition of any literary work worth owning that cannot be discovered on his shelves, and if you have a year at your disposal it is none too long to spend in that "house of fame." D.'s collection is a rare one, but he *will* insist on telling you the cost of every set of books in his possession, and thus exasperate you with financial values when you only wish for literary estimates. What do I care how much he paid "in gold" for the *bindings* of his various Shakespeares? It is the "inspired leaves" we are after, and not the gilded glories on the outside! Arrian tells us the Greeks thought it a calamity to die without having seen the Olym-

pian Zeus by Phidias, and D. has the same opinion of those unhappy mortals who are translated before they have handled his sumptuous *Horace* in Hayday's magnificent morocco.

The biographer of Dickens (John Forster) had assembled a library worthy of himself, which is not unmeaning eulogy. It was full of what Lamb calls "Great Nature's Stereotypes," the "eterne" copies that never can grow stale or unproductive, and to have spent a day in it with the host for indicator, and Dickens for co-enthusiast, is a memory forever. Manuscripts of Goldsmith, Swift, Johnson, Sterne, Addison, Burke, Fielding, and Smollet, together with the original draughts of "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and a dozen other books from the same glowing hand and brain, were not to be handled without a thrill!

I once had the privilege of walking about in Wordsworth's library, and being shown by the poet himself many of the jewels it contained. I recall what I saw and heard there with a kind of transport even now, although it is more than

twenty-five years since I stood beside the venerable author of "The Excursion" while he pointed out in the margins of his books what Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey had noted there.

Lord Houghton's library also is one of the most attractive in England, especially in poetry and autographs. Alexander Dyce, the editor of "Beaumont and Fletcher," had marvels to show me in his fine old book-rooms in Gray's Inn, thirty years ago. But perhaps the most interesting to me of all the private libraries I have ever seen in England was the small collection of Charles and Mary Lamb, which Edward Moxon the publisher unlocked for me when I was first in England, before the books were dispersed, as they never ought to have been. Then and there I lovingly handled *his* Kit Marlowe, *his* Drummond of Hawthornden, *his* Drayton, *his* Cowley, and *his* Burton! I remember how Moxon's whole family stood around that "Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess," and told stories of Lamb's enthusiasm over the book, a volume about which he has written, "No

casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."

One of the selectest household libraries in America has lately been left desolate. Our new Minister to Spain leaves behind him a family of "literary magnificos" at Elmwood not easily to be surpassed anywhere; and although we are all proud of the call his country sends him to aid and honor her in the land of Cervantes, we lament the necessary absence which now renders it impossible for our beloved professor to give, as his wonted address, "Among my Books."

I scarcely know a greater pleasure than to be allowed for a whole day to spend the hours unmolested in my friend A.'s library. So much *privilege* abounds there, I call it *Urbanity Hall.* It is a plain, modestly appointed apartment, overlooking a broad sheet of water; and I can see, from where I like to sit and read, the sail-boats go tilting by, and glancing across the bay. Sometimes, when a rainy day sets in, I run down to my friend's house, and ask leave to browse about the library, — not so much for the sake of reading, as

for the intense enjoyment I have in turning over the books that have a personal history attached. Many of them once belonged to authors whose libraries have been dispersed. My friend has enriched her editions with autographic notes of those fine spirits who wrote the books which illumine her shelves, so that one is constantly coming upon some fresh treasure in the way of a literary curiosity. I am apt to discover something new every time I take down a folio or a miniature volume. As I ramble on from shelf to shelf,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,"

and the hours often slip by into the afternoon, and glide noiselessly into twilight, before dinner-time is remembered.

Drifting about only a few days ago, I came by accident upon a magic quarto, shabby enough in its exterior, with one of the covers hanging by the eyelids, and otherwise sadly battered, to the great disfigurement of its external aspect. I did not remember even to have seen it in the library before (it turned out to be a new-comer), and was about to pass it by with an unkind thought as to

its pauper condition, when it occurred to me, as the lettering was obliterated from the back, I might as well open to the title-page and learn tho name at least of the tattered stranger. And I was amply rewarded for the attention. It turned out to be "The Novels and Tales of the Renowned John Boccaccio, The first Refiner of Italian Prose: containing A Hundred Curious Novels, by Seven Honorable Ladies and Three Noble Gentlemen, Framed in Ten Days." It was printed in London in 1684, "for Awnsham Churchill, at the Black Swan at Amen Corner." But what makes this old yellow-leaved book a treasure-volume for all time is the inscription on the first fly-leaf, in the hand-writing of a man of genius, who, many years ago, wrote thus on the blank page:—

"To Marianne Hunt.

"Her Boccaccio (*alter et idem*) come back to her after many years' absence, for her good-nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.

"From her affectionate husband,

Leigh Hunt.

"August 23, 1839 — Chelsea, England."

This record tells a most interesting story, and reveals to us an episode in the life of the poet, well worth the knowing. I hope no accident will ever cancel this old leather-bound veteran from the world's bibliographic treasures. Spare it, Fire, Water, and Worms! for it does the heart good to handle such a quarto.

One does not need to look far among the shelves in my friend's library to find companion-gems of this antiquated tome. Among so many of

"The assembled souls of all that men held wise,"

there is no solitude of the mind. I reach out my hand at random, and, lo! the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost"! It is a little brown volume, "Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishop's-Head in Duck Lane, by H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and R. Boulten at the Turk's Head in Bishopsgate Street, 1668." Foolish old Simmons deemed it necessary to insert over his own name the following notice, which heads the Argument to the Poem: —

"THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

"Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not."

The "Argument," which Milton omitted in subsequent editions, is very curious throughout; and the reason which the author gives, at the request of Mr. Publisher Simmons, why the poem "Rimes not," is quaint and well worth transcribing an extract here, as it does not always appear in more modern editions. Mr. Simmons's Poet is made to say, —

"The Measure is *English* Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of *Homers* in *Greek*, and of *Virgil* in *Latin;* Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and

for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them."

We give the orthography precisely as Milton gave it in this his first edition.

There is a Table of Errata prefixed to this old copy, in which the reader is told,

> "for hun*dreds* read hun*derds.*
> "for *we* read *wee.*"

Master Simmons's proof-reader was no adept in his art, if one may judge from the countless errors which he allowed to creep into this immortal poem when it first appeared in print. One can imagine the identical copy now before us being handed over the counter in Duck Lane to some eager scholar on the lookout for a new sensation, and handed back again to Mr. Thomson as too dull a looking poem for his perusal. Mr. Edmund Waller entertained that idea of it, at any rate.

One of the sturdiest little books in my friend's library is a thick-set, stumpy old copy of Richard Baxter's "Holy Commonwealth," written in 1659, and, as the title-page informs us, "at the invita-

tion of James Harrington Esquire," — as one would take a glass of Canary, — by *invitation!* There is a preface addressed "To all those in the Army or elsewhere, that have caused our many and great Eclipses since 1646." The worms have made dagger-holes through and through the "inspired leaves" of this fat little volume, till much strong thinking is now very perforated printing. On the fly-leaf is written, in a rough, straggling hand,

"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
"Rydal Mount."

The poet seems to have read the old book pretty closely, for there are evident marks of his liking throughout its pages.

Connected with the Bard of the Lakes is another work in my friend's library, which I always handle with a tender interest. It is a copy of Wordsworth's Poetical Works, printed in 1815, with all the alterations afterwards made in the pieces copied in by the poet from the edition published in 1827. Some of the changes are marked

improvements, and nearly all make the meaning clearer. Now and then a prosaic phrase gives place to a more poetical expression. The well-known lines,

> "Of Him who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain-side,"

read at first,

> "*Behind* his plough *upon* the mountain-side."

In a well-preserved quarto copy of "Rasselas," with illustrations by Smirke, which my friend picked up in London a few years ago, I found the other day an unpublished autograph letter from Dr. Johnson, so characteristic of the great man that it is worth transcribing. It is addressed

"*To the Reverend Mr. Compton.*
"*To be sent to Mrs. Williams.*"

And it is thus worded:—

"SIR,—Your business, I suppose, is in a way of as easy progress as such business ever has. It is seldom that event keeps pace with expectation.

"The scheme of your book I cannot say that I fully comprehend. I would not have you ask less than an hundred guineas, for it seems a large octavo.

"Go to Mr. Davis, in Russell Street, show him this letter, and show him the book if he desires to see it. He will tell you what hopes you may form, and to what Bookseller you should apply.

"If you succeed in selling your book, you may do better than by dedicating it to me. You may perhaps obtain permission to dedicate it to the Bishop of London, or to Dr. Vyse, and make way by your book to more advantage than I can procure you.

"Please to tell Mrs. Williams that I grow better, and that I wish to know how she goes on. You, Sir, may write for her to,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"SAM: JOHNSON.

"Octo. 24, 1782."

Dear kind-hearted old bear! On turning to Boswell's Life of his Ursine Majesty, we learn who Mr. Compton was. When the Doctor visited France in 1775, the Benedictine Monks in Paris entertained him in the most friendly way. One of them, the Rev. James Compton, who had left England at the early age of six to reside on the Continent, questioned him pretty closely about

the Protestant faith, and proposed, if at some future time he should go to England to consider the subject more deeply, to call at Bolt Court. In the summer of 1782 he paid the Doctor a visit, and informed him of his desire to be admitted into the Church of England. Johnson managed the matter satisfactorily for him, and he was received into communion in St. James's Parish Church. Till the end of January, 1783, he lived entirely at the Doctor's expense, his own means being very scanty. Through Johnson's kindness he was nominated Chaplain at the French Chapel of St. James's, and in 1802 we hear of him as being quite in favor with the excellent Bishop Porteus and several other distinguished Londoners. Thus, by the friendly hand of the hard-working, earnest old lexicographer, Mr. Compton was led from deep poverty up to a secure competency, and a place among the influential dignitaries of London society. Poor enough himself, Johnson never fell back, when there was an honest person in distress to be helped on in the battle of life. God's blessing on his memory for all his sympathy with struggling humanity!

My friend has an ardent affection for Walter Scott and Charles Lamb. I find the first edition of "Marmion," printed in 1808, "by J. Ballantyne & Co. for Archibald Constable and Company, Edinburgh," most carefully bound in savory Russia, standing in a pleasant corner of the room. Being in quarto, the type is regal. Of course the copy is enriched with a letter in the handwriting of Sir Walter. It is addressed to a personal friend, and is dated April 17, 1825. The closing passage in it is of especial interest.

"I have seen Sheridan's last letter imploring Rogers to come to his assistance. It stated that he was dying, and concluded abruptly with these words 'they are throwing the things out of window.' The memorialist certainly took pennyworths out of his friend's character. — I sat three hours for my picture to Sir Thomas Lawrence during which the whole conversation was filled up by Rogers with stories of Sheridan, for the least of which if true he deserved the gallows.

"Ever Yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

In the April of 1802 Scott was living in a pretty

cottage at Lasswade; and while there he sent off the following letter, which I find attached with a wafer to my friend's copy of the Abbotsford edition of his works, and written in a much plainer hand than he afterwards fell into. The address is torn off.

"SIR, — I esteem myself honored by the polite reception which you have given to the Border Minstrelsy and am particularly flattered that so very good a judge of poetical Antiquities finds any reason to be pleased with the work. — There is no portrait of the *Flower of Yarrow* in existence, nor do I think it very probable that any was ever taken. Much family anecdote concerning her has been preserved among her descendants of whom I have the honor to be one. The epithet of '*Flower of Yarrow*' was in later times bestowed upon one of her immediate posterity, Miss Mary Lillias Scott, daughter of John Scott Esq. of Harden, and celebrated for her beauty in the pastoral song of Tweedside, — I mean that set of modern words which begins 'What beauty does Flora disclose.' This lady I myself remember very well, and I mention her to you lest you should receive any inaccurate information owing to her being called like her prede-

cessor the 'Flower of Yarrow.' There was a portrait of this latter lady in the collection at Hamilton which the present Duke transferred through my hands to Lady Diana Scott relict of the late Walter Scott Esq. of Harden, which picture was vulgarly but inaccurately supposed to have been a resemblance of the original Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and married to *Auld Wat* of Harden in the middle of the 16th century.

"I shall be particularly happy if upon any future occasion I can in the slightest degree contribute to advance your valuable and patriotic labours, and I remain, Sir, "Your very faithful

"and obt. Servant

"WALTER SCOTT."

Old Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys in Fleet Street, brought out in 1714 "The Rape of the Lock, an Heroi-Comical Poem, in Five Cantos, written by Mr. Pope." He printed certain words in the title-page in red, and other certain words in black ink. His own name and Mr. Pope's he chose to exhibit in sanguinary tint. A copy of this edition, very much thumbed and wanting half a dozen leaves, fell into the possession of Charles

Lamb more than a hundred years after it was published. Charles bore it home, and set to work at once to supply, in his small neat hand, from another edition, what was missing from the text in his stall-bought copy. As he paid only sixpence for his prize, he could well afford the time it took him to write in on blank leaves, which he inserted, the lines from

"Thus far both armies to Belinda yield,"

onward to the couplet,

"And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near."

Besides this autographic addition, enhancing forever the value of this old copy of Pope's immortal poem, I find the following little note, in Lamb's clerkly chirography, addressed to

"Mr. Wainright, on *Thursday.*

"DEAR SIR, — The *Wits* (as Clare calls us) assemble at my cell (20 Russell Street, Cov. Gar.) this evening at ½ before 7. Cold meat at 9. Puns at —— a little after. Mr. Cary wants to see you, to scold you. I hope you will not fail.

"Yours &c. &c. &c.

"C. LAMB."

There are two books in my friend's library which once belonged to the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." One of them is "A Voyage to and from the Island of Borneo, in the East Indies: printed for T. Warner at the Black Boy, and F. Batley at the Dove, in 1718." It has the name of T. Gray, written by himself, in the middle of the title-page, as was his custom always. Before Gray owned this book, it belonged to Mr. Antrobus, his uncle, who wrote many original notes in it. The volume has also this manuscript memorandum on one of the fly-leaves, signed by a well-known naturalist not long ago living in England: —

"August 28, 1851.

"This book has Gray's autograph on the title-page, written in his usual neat hand. It has twice been my fate to witness the sale of Gray's most interesting collection of manuscripts and books, and at the last sale I purchased this volume. I present it to ——— as a little token of affectionate regard by her old friend, now in his 85th year.

"EDWD. JESSE."

Who will not be willing to admit the great

good-luck of my friend in having such a donor for an acquaintance?

But one of the chief treasures in the library of which I write is Gray's copy of Milton's "Poems upon several occasions. Both English and Latin. Printed at the *Blew Anchor* next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane in Fleet Street." When a boy at school, Gray owned and read this charming old volume, and he has printed his name, school-boy fashion, all over the title-page. Wherever there is a vacant space big enough to hold *Thomas Gray*, there it stands in faded ink, still fading as time rolls on. The Latin poems seem to have been most carefully conned by the youthful Etonian, and we know how much he esteemed them in after-life.

Scholarly Robert Southey once owned a book that now towers aloft in my friend's library. It is a princely copy of Ben Jonson, the Illustrious. Southey lent it, when he possessed the *magnifico*, to Coleridge, who has begemmed it all over with

his fine pencillings. As Ben once handled the trowel, and did other honorable work as a bricklayer, Coleridge discourses with much golden gossip about the craft to which the great dramatist once belonged. My friend would hardly thank me, if I filled ten of these pages with extracts from the rambling dissertations in S. T. C.'s handwriting which I find in her rare folio, but I could easily pick out that amount of readable matter from the margins. One manuscript anecdote, however, I must transcribe from the last leaf. I think Coleridge got the story from "The Seer."

"An Irish laborer laid a wager with another hod-bearer that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. The bet is accepted, and up they go. There is peril at every step. At the top of the ladder there is life and the loss of the wager, — death and success below! The highest point is reached in safety; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. 'Well,' said he, 'you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third story I HAD HOPES.'"

In a quaint old edition of "The Spectator,"

which seems to have been through many sieges, and must have come to grief very early in its existence, if one may judge anything from the various names which are scrawled upon it in different years, reaching back almost to the date of its publication, I find this note in the handwriting of Addison, sticking fast on the reverse side of his portrait. It is addressed to Ambrose Philips, and there is no doubt that he went where he was bidden, and found the illustrious author quite ready to receive him at a well-furnished table.

"Tuesday Night.

"SIR, — If you are at leisure for an hour, your company will be a great obligation to

"Y^r. most humble sev^t.

"J. ADDISON.

"Fountain Tavern."

That night at the "Fountain," perchance, they discussed that war of words which might then have been raging between the author of the "Pastorals" and Mr. Pope, dampening their clay, at the same time, with a compound to which they were both notoriously inclined.

My friend rides hard her hobby for choice editions, and she hunts with a will whenever a good old copy of a well-beloved author is up for pursuit. She is not a fop in binding, but she must have *appropriate* dresses for her favorites. She knows what

> "Adds a precious seeing to the eye"

as well as Hayday himself, and never lets her folios shiver when they ought to be warm. Moreover, she *reads* her books, and, like the scholar in Chaucer, would rather have

> "At her beddès head
> A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
> Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie."

I found her not long ago deep in a volume of "Mr. Welsted's Poems"; and as that author is not particularly lively or inviting to a modern reader, I begged to know why he was thus honored. "I was trying," said she, "to learn, if possible, why Dicky Steele should have made his daughter a birthday gift of these poems. This

copy I found on a stall in Fleet Street many years ago, and it has in Sir Richard's handwriting this inscription on one of the fly-leaves: —

ELIZABETH STEELE
Her Book
Giv'n by Her Father
RICHARD STEELE.
March 20th. 1723.

Running my eye over the pieces, I find a poem in praise of 'Apple-Pye,' and one of the passages in it is marked, as if to call the attention of young Eliza to something worthy her notice. These are the lines the young lady is charged to remember: —

'Dear Nelly, learn with Care the Pastry-Art,
And mind the easy Precepts I impart:
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your Rolling-Pin:
Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough;
For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
Which will in crumpling Sounds your Praise report,
And eat, as Housewives speak, exceeding short.'"

Who was Abou Ben Adhem? Was his existence merely in the poet's brain, or did he walk

this planet somewhere, — and when? In a copy of the "Bibliothèque Orientale," which once belonged to the author of that exquisite little gem of poesy beginning with a wish that Abou's tribe might increase, I find (the leaf is lovingly turned down and otherwise noted) the following account of the forever famous dreamer.

"Adhem was the name of a Doctor celebrated for Mussulman traditions. He was the contemporary of Aamarsch, another relater of traditions of the first class. Adhem had a son noted for his doctrine and his piety. The Mussulmans place him among the number of their Saints who have done miracles. He was named Abou-Ishak-Ben-Adhem. It is said he was distinguished for his piety from his earliest youth, and that he joined the Sofis, or the Religious sect in Mecca, under the direction of Fodhail. He went from there to Damas, where he died in the year 166 of the Hegira. He undertook, it is said, to make a pilgrimage from Mecca, and to pass through the desert alone and without provisions, making a thousand genuflexions for every mile of the way. It is added that he was twelve years in making this journey, during which he was often tempted and alarmed by Demons. The

Khalife Haroun Raschid, making the same pilgrimage, met him upon the way and inquired after his welfare; the Sofi answered him with an Arabian quatrain, of which this is the meaning:—

"'We mend the rags of this worldly robe with the pieces of the robe of Religion, which we tear apart for this end;

"'And we do our work so thoroughly that nothing remains of the latter,

"'And the garment we mend escapes out of our hands.

"'Happy is the servant who has chosen God for his master, and who employs his present good only to acquire those which he awaits.'

"It is related also of Abou, that he saw in a dream an Angel who wrote, and that having demanded what he was doing, the Angel answered, 'I write the names of those who love God sincerely, those who perform Malek-Ben-Dinár, Thabet-al-Benáni, Aioud-al-Sakhtiáni, etc.' Then said he to the Angel, 'Am I not placed among these?' 'No,' replied the Angel. 'Ah, well,' said he, 'write me, then, I pray you, for love of these, as the friend of all who love the Lord.' It is added, that the same Angel revealed to him soon after that he had received

an order from God to place him at the head of all the rest. This is the same Abou who said that he preferred Hell with the will of God to Paradise without it; or, as another writer relates it: 'I love Hell, if I am doing the will of God, better than the enjoyments of Paradise and disobedience.'"

With books printed by "B. Franklin, Philadelphia," my friend's library is richly stored. One of them is "The Charter of Privileges, granted by William Penn Esq: to the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Territories." "PRINTED AND SOLD BY B. FRANKLIN" looks odd enough on the dingy title-page of this old volume, and the contents are full of interest. Rough days were those when "Jehu Curtis" was "Speaker of the House," and put his name to such documents as this:—

"And Be it Further Enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any Person shall wilfully or premeditately be guilty of Blasphemy, and shall thereof be legally convicted, the Person so offending shall, for every such Offence, be set in the Pillory for the space of Two Hours, and be branded on his or her

Foreshead with the letter B, and be publickly whipt, on his or her bare Back, with Thirty nine Lashes *well laid on.*"

My friend is a collector of the various editions of Hawthorne's writings, not only in English but in various languages. Many of the works she has illustrated with choice engravings, photographs, and autographs. One of the letters in Hawthorne's handwriting thus added seems to me very curious in its accurate foreshadowings. It was written forty-five years ago to Franklin Pierce, when both young men could not have been long out of College. Its prophetic intimations in the light of what has since occurred in Pierce's career sound weird and startling and the epistle is worth perusal. It is addressed to Colonel Franklin Pierce, Hillsboro', New Hampshire.

"SALEM, June 28, 1832.

"DEAR MR. SPEAKER, — I sincerely congratulate you on all your public honors, in possession or in prospect. If they continue to accumulate so rapidly, you will be at the summit of political eminence by

that time of life when men are usually just beginning to make a figure. I suppose there is hardly a limit to your expectations at this moment; and I really cannot see why there should be any. If I were in your place I should like to proceed by the following steps, — after a few years in Congress, to be chosen Governor, say at thirty years old, — next a Senator in Congress, — then minister to England, — then to be put at the head of one of the Departments (that of War would suit you, I should think), and lastly — but it will be time enough to think of the next step some years hence. You cannot imagine how proud I feel, when I recollect that I myself was once in office with you on the standing Committee of the Athenean Society. That was my first and last appearance in public life.

"I read the paper which you sent me from beginning to end, not forgetting Colonel Pierce's neat and appropriate address. I also perused ——'s speech in favor of grog-shops; he seems to have taken quite a characteristic and consistent course in this respect, and I presume he gives the retail dealers as much of his personal patronage as ever. I was rather surprised at not finding more of my acquaintance in your Legislature. Your own name and ——'s were all that I recognized.

"I was making preparations for a Northern tour when this accursed cholera broke out in Canada. It was my intention to go by way of New York and Albany to Niagara; from thence to Montreal and Quebec, and home through Vermont and New Hampshire. I am very desirous of making this journey on account of a book by which I intend to acquire an (undoubtedly) immense literary reputation, but which I cannot commence writing till I have visited Canada. I still hope that the pestilence will disappear, so that it may be safe to go in a month or two. If my route brings me into the vicinity of Hillsboro' I shall certainly visit you. As to the cholera, if it comes, I believe I shall face it here. By the by, I have been afflicted for two days past with one of the symptoms of it, which makes me write rather a tremulous hand. I keep it secret, however, for fear of being sent to the hospital.

"I suppose your election to Congress is absolutely certain. Of course, however, there will be an opposition, and I wish you would send me some of the newspapers containing articles either laudatory or abusive of you. I shall read them with great interest, be they what they may. It is a pity that I am not in a situation to exercise my pen in your behalf,

though you seem not to need the assistance of newspaper scribblers.

"I do not feel very well, and will close my letter here, especially as your many associations would not permit you to read a longer one. I shall be happy to hear from you as often as you can find leisure and inclination to write.

"I observe that the paper styles you the 'Hon. Franklin Pierce.' Have you already an official claim to that title?

"Your friend,

"NATH. HAWTHORNE,

"*alias*, 'HATH.'"

The first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" has now grown to be a rare volume, and is not readily picked up even in London. Dickens was not the owner of a copy, and long desired to possess one on account of the early impressions of the forty-three illustrations in it by Seymour and "Phiz." One day my friend A. was strolling about London, and coming into the Haymarket observed a bookseller placing in his window a handsomely bound volume in red morocco. She had got by, but some good genius whis-

pered to her, "Turn back, — that is a book you have long burned to become the owner of!" "Go on!" insinuated another kind of genius; "you will be late to dinner if you loiter another moment!" She turned back, notwithstanding, and bought the book: it was the first edition of "Pickwick"! Mark her good luck, reader! Taking the book to her hotel, she laid it on the table and went out again after dinner. Returning late in the evening she found Dickens had called upon her: the volume was lying open, and this inscription, in a well-known hand, enriched her prize: —

CHARLES DICKENS
Wishes he had given this First Edition of Pickwick
TO HIS FRIENDS,
* * * *
In Witness that he did not,
He, at Edward's Hotel, George Street,
Hanover Square, London,
Hereunto sets his hand,
On Saturday, 24th July, 1869.
C. D.

And this precious volume, thus enriched, is not the least among my friend's possessions.

My friend has a habit of placing on the fly-leaves of many of her books any interesting, out-of-the-way things she may happen to find with reference to their authors, — a custom that cannot be too warmly commended to all book-owners. How welcome is such a record as this one, for instance! Nearly fifty years ago there appeared a charming work written by a lieutenant in our navy, named Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, entitled "A Year in Spain, by a Young American." On his way to Segovia, the youthful officer fell in with a stripling fresh from the State of Maine, unknown at that time, of course, but who has since become a power in literature, not only in his own country, but all over the civilized world. This is the pleasant glimpse Mackenzie gives us of the Longfellow of half a century ago: —

"Fortune, in a happy moment, provided a companion for me in the person of a young countryman, who had come to Spain in search of instruction. He was just from college, full of the ardent feeling excited by classical pursuits, with health unbroken, hope that was a stranger to disappointment, curiosity which had

never yet been fed to satiety. He had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and a clear blue eye, — all indications of a joyous temperament. We had been thrown almost alone together in a strange and unknown land. Our ages were not dissimilar, and, though our previous occupations had been so, we were nevertheless soon acquainted, first with each other, then with each other's views, and presently after we had agreed to be companions on the journey."

On the same leaf with this extract I find inserted these words by Cardinal Wiseman, spoken forty years after Mackenzie met young Longfellow in Spain: —

"Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become household words wherever the language is spoken. I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I pay to the genius of Longfellow."

And here is still another appended tribute in the same volume, copied from the Life and Letters of a distinguished lady in England: —

"I have just received a long and welcome letter

from my Boston correspondent, in answer to one I had written to him asking for some particulars about Longfellow, whose beautiful poems are now so much read here. . . . . I will copy some of my friend's exact words about the poet, as they are sure to interest you. 'I never knew a man of more endearing qualities. He has no little animosities; no petty, vindictive feelings; and if he can help any poor, envious creature who may have tried to wound his feelings by a malicious or ill-timed criticism, he never limits his charity on that account. He says, "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." . . . . Every one near him loves him, and his neighbors rejoice in his fame and his prosperity. He always has a good word to put in for any unfortunate man or woman who happens to be up for conversational dissection; and I have often noticed, when all the rest of the company have been busy pulling to "shreds and patches" some new and ridiculous rhymer, Longfellow has culled and got ready to quote, in the dull bard's favor, the only good line perhaps in the whole volume. I never saw a man so constantly on the lookout to aid and comfort, and never by any accident, even, to depress a fellow-mortal. If any one

of his friends is ill, he is the first person who remembers to send in cheering little messages, accompanied, perhaps, by some sick-room delicacy, not easily to be obtained elsewhere, for the patient. I have lived, as you know, a long time among authors, but I never knew one so absolutely free from all manner of vanities and vices as Longfellow. . . . . He is the soul of good-nature and candor; and his whole life has been spent not only in strengthening the foundations of truth and justice, but in lending a vigorous helping hand to all below him in station and ability. In short, he is one of the most lovable men in America, as well as the most distinguished poet.'"

My friend's copy of "Warton's History of English Poetry" is in three volumes quarto, and it once belonged to no less a character than Mr. Horatio Walpole, of Strawberry Hill, who has packed it with notes in his own neat penmanship. Some former owner has added to the first volume a long and curious autograph letter from Warton, and an equally interesting epistle in Walpole's handwriting. It is curious to follow the notes in this edition, and see how carefully Walpole has studied Warton in this work. He seems

to have been specially moved by the earliest English love-song on record, written about the year 1200, and beginning, —

"Blow northerne wynd," etc.

Walpole has appended this note at the bottom of one of the pages in Vol. I. in ink as fresh as if it had been written to-day: —

"A coachman of George 2d, who had been harassed by driving the Maids of Honour, left his fortune to his son, but with a promise that he should never marry a Maid of Honour."

Other remarks, both in pencil and ink, by Walpole, abound in the volumes, and many of them are as keen as this one in the famous letters of the brilliant epigrammatist. He was, it seems, much diverted with the manœuvres of a certain Mrs. Holman, "whose passion," he says, "is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody in it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a courtesy; and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday!"

All over the margins of my friend's "Warton" the lord of Strawberry Hill is constantly finding fault with the author, correcting his proper names and worrying his statements. Walpole knew, or pretended to know, everybody, not only of his own time, but of all time. His enemies used to say he bragged a good deal of acquaintances to whom he had never spoken a word. Apropos of this charge against H. W., we had many years ago in Paris an American pretender of this sort. When my fellow-traveller, S. G., arrived in the French capital twenty years ago, this all-knowing, forth-putting countryman of ours called upon him and said: "If there is any celebrity you care to meet among the French authors, I shall be happy to bring you together, as I am on intimate terms with all the writers." My friend was an admirer of Victor Hugo, and jumped at the offer, naming *him* as the man he most desired to see. "That shall be brought about shortly," replied the universal intimate of everybody worth knowing in Paris. "Victor Hugo and I are very old friends, and he will be glad to see you on my account," he

continued. A week or so after this conversation, my friend was at one of Lamartine's Sunday receptions, and stood talking some time with a gentleman to whom Madame Lamartine had presented him. The kind-hearted American who had promised an introduction to Hugo was also in the room, and, observing G. in conversation with a rather distinguished-looking person, came up when they had separated, and asked G. who that tall, handsome individual might be. "O, that," said G., with freezing *nonchalance*, — "that is your friend, *Victor Hugo!*"

Among the books which I take down with special delight is a rough old copy of "Diogenes Laertius" in Greek and Latin. It belonged to Shelley and Leigh Hunt, in partnership, and has their names written above the title-page in Hunt's best hand, thus, —

"*Percy Shelley and Leigh Hunt.*"

It seems to have been their joint property, and, loving each other as they did, they were content to own it together. It has numerous notes in

both their handwritings. The Greek motto from Plato, which Shelley placed at the beginning of his exquisite Elegy on the death of Keats, has always been greatly admired. The translation is, "You shone, whilst living, a morning star; but, dead, you now shine Hesperus among the shades," and it was written by Plato on his friend Stella. Laertius preserved it among his own writings, and Shelley copied it from him. More than fifty years have elapsed since this precious old volume went wandering about the Continent with the two young English poets, and was thumbed by them on the decks of vessels, in the chambers of out-of-the-way inns, and under the olive-trees of Pisa and Genoa. Half a century has gone by, and lo! the worn and battered book finds itself, after all its journeys, safely housed and cared for on the shelves of my friend's library in a street in Boston.

There are few things in Charlotte Bronté's peculiar chirography more touching than this note of September the 29th, 1850, addressed to that excellent Mr. Williams, so many years famil-

iar to all who were in the habit of visiting the old publishing house of Smith, Elder, and Company, in London. I find the original placed in my friend's copy of "Jane Eyre," with this caution written opposite: "*Be careful not to disturb this precious document.*"

"DEAR SIR, — It is my intention to write a few lines of remark on 'Wuthering Heights,' which however I propose to place apart as a brief preface before the tale. I am likewise compelling myself to read it over, for the first time of opening the book since my sister's death. Its power fills me with renewed admiration; but yet I am oppressed: the reader is scarcely ever permitted a taste of unalloyed pleasure; every beam of sunshine is poured down through black bars of threatening cloud; every page is surcharged with a sort of moral electricity; and the writer was unconscious of all this, — nothing could make her conscious of it. . . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"C. BRONTÉ."

William Blake's Illustrated Volumes occupy honored places in my friend's library, for she has a genuine regard for the man, and a warm feeling

for his poems. His weird pictures attract and hold the attention, just as his poetical pieces grapple to the memory. In the copy of "Songs of Innocence and Experience" are many charming notes pencilled on the margins or on the fly-leaves, and this one I transcribe for its intrinsic beauty:

"When Blake, whose life had been one of poverty and privation, was in his old age and about to die, he one day put his hands on the head of a little girl, and said, 'May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!'"

My friend being an ardent admirer of Coleridge, has added to her beautiful copy of his works several autograph letters that have come into her hands from various sources. Everything "rich and strange" in that way seems always gravitating to her library. Here is a letter which I copy from the neat, small page, penned by Coleridge on a "Tuesday afternoon, on the 13th of February, 1827." It is addressed to

"J. B. WILLIAMS, ESQRE.
"Surgeon, &c. &c.,
"Aldersgate Street."

and runs thus: —

"My Dear Williams, — I shall, God permitting, be in town and in your neighbourhood to-morrow, and shall at least make the attempt of doing, what I have some half score of times proposed to Mr. G. that we should do conjointly — that is, shake hands with you in your own ΑΣΚΑΗΠΕΙΟΝ, Latinic Esculapium. Your home, I am well aware, is not at your own command: and unluckily I am not acquainted with the Horology of your daily Routine, or the relations of the *Whens* to the Wheres in your scheme of successive self-distribution. But I will call between One and Two; and if I find that you will be in, at any mentionable time between that and half past two, I will return at the same time, and billet (I *should* have said *label*) myself on you for a mutton chop and a potatoe — or what I should like better, a few sausages and a potatoe. — Were my duodenal digestion brisk enough for me to work after dinner, I should always dine from ½ past 1 to ½ past 2, for that is the only time of the 24 hours, in which I have any appetite for animal food.

"Gillman has been very poorly, and complains much of his head: but he is now much better, Mrs. Gillman is at *par* — something between *so so*, and *pretty tolerable I thank you.*

"With my kind respects to M^rs. W. and Love to the young Galenicals,

"believe me, my dear Williams,

"With affectionate esteem and regard

"Your Sincere friend,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"GROVE: HIGHGATE."

From one Opium-Eater to another — to the greatest in the annals of Laudanum — is an easy transition. Everything relating to Thomas Papaverius, as the "Book-Hunter" calls him, my friend has collected, and hoarded in a niche by itself. Fragile, unsubstantial, potent, and original, — apply these epithets to the only man of this century who includes them all, and you get De Quincey, one of the great masters of English, one of the most fascinating of all modern writers. Every scrap which my friend has collected relating to the *personnel* of this interesting individual is of value. Observe the quaint unlikeness in this communication to the missive of any one else. The note, which is in the fairest hand, was addressed from Lasswade in Scotland to the Amer-

ican Editor of De Quincey's Writings, who happened at that time to be in England. I find it carefully pasted into the "Confessions": it explains itself.

"Thursday Evening, August 26.

"MY DEAR SIR, — The accompanying billet from my daughter, short at any rate under the pressure of instant engagements, has been cut shorter by a sudden and very distressing head-ache. I therefore who (from a peculiar nervousness connected with the act of writing) so rarely attempt to discharge my own debts in the letter-writing department of life, find myself unaccountably, I might say mysteriously, engaged in the knight-errantry of undertaking for other people's. . . . . Wretched bankrupt that I am, with an absolute refusal on the part of the Commissioner to grant me a certificate of the lowest class, — suddenly and by a necessity not to be evaded I am affecting the large bounties of supererogation. I appear to be vaporing in a spirit of vain-glory; and yet it is under the mere coercion of severe necessities that I am surprised into this unparalleled instance of activity.

"Do you walk? That is do you like walking for 4 hours 'on end' — (which is our archaic expression for continuously)? If I knew *that*, I would

arrange accordingly for meeting you. The case as to distances is this; — The Dalkeith railway, from the Waverley station, brings you to Esk Bank. That is its nearest approach, its *perihelion*, in relation to ourselves: and it is precisely 2¾ miles distant from *Mavis Brush* — the name of our cottage. Close to us, and the most noticeable object for guiding your inquiries, is — *Mr. Annandale's Paper Mills.* Now then, accordingly as you direct my motions, I will — rain being supposed absent — join you at your hotel in Edinburgh any time after 11 o'clock, and walk out the whole distance (7 miles from the Scott Monument); or else I will meet you at Esk Bank: or, if you prefer coming out in a carriage, I will await your coming here in that state of motionless repose which best befits a philosopher. — Excuse my brevity, and believe that with sincere pleasure we shall receive your obliging visit.

"Ever your faithful servant,

"THOMAS DE QUINCEY."

In a handsome edition of Sir James Mackintosh's attractive Memoirs, standing next to the Coleridge and De Quincey volumes, I find this characteristic autograph, which seems to be a

reply to a dinner invitation from a lady not entirely known to the Knight. It begins abruptly, but gracefully, and is a model reply under the circumstances of the case.

"Oh Thou! whatever Title please thine ear!

"whether I am to address you as Ursula or Iphigenia, I will dine with you on Friday if I am not obliged to leave town.

"I cannot at this moment lay my hand upon your note, and it is from recollection only that I speak of Friday as the day for which you wrote me.

"I am,

"Whether you be a Papist or a Pagan,

"Alike yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

Voyages and Travels abound in my friend's library, and among them Edward Lear's beautifully illustrated works are conspicuously represented. Everybody knows the "Nonsense Book" of this tricksy spirit, but his books of travel have been neglected in America. Perhaps, however, his fun has produced greater effects everywhere than his learning.

When a prominent English statesman, some years ago, completely disabled by the cares and fatigues of his great office, consulted Sir Henry Holland, the Court Physician, as to what course he should adopt to regain his health and vigor, Sir Henry, with profound wisdom, told the Chancellor to go down to Brighton for a month, and take only *one* book with him. "Shall it be Homer?" asked the scholar and statesman of the physician. "By no means," said the doctor. "The volume I recommend is Edward Lear's 'Book of Nonsense,' one of the healthiest works ever written in the kingdom." "And who is Edward Lear?" inquired the man of state affairs. "Sir," said the physician, "I am amazed at your question! Edward Lear, sir, is the biographer of 'that globular person of Hurst,' of 'that uneasy old man of the West,' of 'that courageous young lady of Norway,' of 'that morbid old man of Vesuvius,' and others of like distinction." The statesman retired with his one book to the sea-coast, and came back to Downing Street at the end of his vacation a wiser and a healthier man, it is said.

I happen to know Edward Lear very well, and am glad to have the opportunity of commending this gentleman's comic books everywhere. He is a great, broad-shouldered, healthy Englishman, who spends a large portion of his valuable time in making children, especially, happy. He is the classmate and much-loved friend of Alfred Tennyson (whose beautiful poem to E. L. means Edward Lear); and if you chanced, a few years back, to go to Farringford about Christmas-time, you would have been likely to find a tall, elderly man, in enormous goggles, down on all-fours on the carpet, and reciting, in the character of a lively and classical hippopotamus, new nonsense-verses to a dozen children, amid roars of laughter, — a very undignified position, certainly, for one of the best Greek scholars in Europe, for a landscape-painter unrivalled anywhere, and the author of half a dozen learned quartos of travels in Albania, Illyria, Calabria, and other interesting countries! But what a delight he is personally to the juniority of England wherever he is known! A few years ago he was obliged to build a cottage in Ravenna, in

Italy, and live there a portion of the year, in order to get time for painting and study; for when he is in London the little people, whom he passionately loves and cannot live without, run after him, as they did after the Pied Piper of Hamelin, to that extent he has no leisure for his profession. When it is known that the delightful old fellow is on his way back to England for the holidays, many of the castles and other great residences are on the alert with invitations to secure him for as much time as he can give them. Generations of children have clustered about him in different Christmas seasons. He dedicates his first "Book of Nonsense" "To the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews, and grand-nieces of the thirteenth Earl of Derby, the greater part of the book having been originally composed for their parents." Prime favorite as he is among the Argyles and the Devonshires, he has an immense *clientèle* among the poor and overworked peasantry of various countries. Having been a traveller so many years, and so conversant with the languages of the Continent, he is just as much at home with his fun and his wide goggles

in the mountain-passes of Switzerland and Spain as he is in the great houses of England. Long life to Edward Lear, and continued success to his ministry of good-nature about the world! He promised, not long ago, he would come to America before he got too old to see our country; and I hope, some day not far distant, to see him, so full of genial wit and drollery, cutting up his harmless and healthful antics for the amusement of the boys and girls of America. *One* of his sayings, at least, deserves immortality: "The world will never grow old," he said, "so long as it has little children and flowers in it."

My friend's library is rich in old-time school-books, — "The American Preceptor," "The Columbian Orator," and other now obsolete "guides" to youth. Here is a "dog's-eared" Walker's Dictionary that belonged, in 1797, to Daniel Webster, with his name carefully printed with a pen on the fly-leaf, in a school-boy's hand. That was the year the father resolved, poor as he was, to send his boy to college, and announced his intention to the

astonished lad. I know of no paragraph more pathetic in any great man's early life than this one from a letter written by Webster himself, describing the manner his father's resolve was first made known to him. "I remember," he writes to a friend, "the very hill we were ascending, through deep snows (in February, 1797), in a New-England sleigh, when my father made his purpose known to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

I am pained to observe in my friend's library several broken sets of valuable books. One of her copies of *Milton*, of which author she has some ten different editions, has a gap in it, which probably will never be filled again. Gone, I fear, forever, is that fourth volume, so rich in notes all radiant in the handwriting of him who sang of "Rimini" and "Abou Ben Adhem." Some eye, perchance, falling upon this page, may yet throw

the needed light upon the whereabouts of this missing treasure, lost or stolen, and thus indicate a clew to its recovery. But who could have the heart to steal a book like that? What shall we think of that insidious, unsuspected marauder who came and saw and purloined? What fate should compass such a knave, so foul a *bookaneer?* I will not say *hanging*, for that is a harsh and inelegant word, but I will rather employ Sir Thomas Browne's more pungent, high-toned phrase, phrase, and call it "*pendulous suffocation*"!

Apropos of unrestoring borrowers, I have always delighted in the hint conveyed by the bookplate of Garrick, the great English actor. Little David had a keen sense of all his rights of ownership, and he adopted for his book-motto this passage from a French author: "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de la lire, afin de pouvoir le rendre plûtôt" (*Menagiana*, Vol. IV.), — "The first thing one ought to do when one has borrowed a book is to read it, in order to be able to return it the sooner."

For what is called *Shakespearean literature* my

friend does not care much, preferring the light of the luminary himself to the nebulous unsatisfactory guesses of his commentators. She inclines rather to the maximum of thought *in* Hamlet than to the minimum of thought *about* Hamlet. Believing, with the Chorus in Henry the Fifth, that a drama is

> "Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass,"

and that W. S. had the power to do it, she sticks to the "hour-glass." She says that reading "Cymbeline" through a margin of notes is like playing the pianoforte with mittens on; and she is fond of quoting this remark once dropped in her hearing by a famous actress: "Shakespeare sets his readers' souls on fire with flashes of genius; his commentators follow close behind, with buckets of water putting out the flames!" And so she is content to read the "Plays and Poems" themselves, "without note or comment." She considers herself a personal and loving debtor to Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, to Horace and Mrs. Furness, and some other kindred helps; but

the majority of "Shakespeare-scholars," so denominated, she thanks and passes by. Over her library door she has hung up an "effigy" of the "Prince of Poets," sent from Stratford by E. F. the Munificent, and under it she has placed a facsimile copy of that warning verse from his tomb to the "Good Friend" who might be tempted to "digg the dust" and move his bones.

We were speaking one day, in my friend's library, of the "awful necromancer," the "protagonist on the great arena of poetry," the "glory of the human intellect," as he has been called by judges of genius; and our hostess related this anecdote of an English visitor to whom she was lately showing the beautiful mask that conspicuously graces her library. She said the man (himself a writer of books) gazed at it carelessly for a moment, and, walking away, feebly ejaculated, "Yes, yes, poor Shakespeare! *he, too, filled a drunkard's grave!*" *"An admirable conceited fellow that,"* if we may waste those words from the "Winter's Tale" on such a muff! Some one present then told us of a pretentious woman who

was once heard to say, at ——'s dinner-table, that she had "never read Shakespeare's Works herself, but had always entertained the *highest opinion of him as a man.*" This last recital called out M. W., who convulsed our little group by relating this comical story of venerable Mr. ——, who believes unqualifiedly in *Boston* as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. The excellent old gentleman, having confessed to L. G. that he had never found time, during his busy life, to read the "immortal plays," was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. Yes, he replied, he had read them all. "Do you like them?" ventured G., feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. "*Like* them!" replied the old man, with effusive ardor; "that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! *There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!*"

But I am rambling on too far and too fast for

to-day. Here is one more book, however, that I must say a word about, as it lies open on my knee, the gift of Robbie Burns to a female friend, — his own poems, — the edition which gave him "so much real happiness to see in print." Laid in this copy of his works is a sad letter, in the poet's handwriting, which perhaps has never been printed. Addressed to Captain Hamilton, Dumfries, it is in itself a touching record of dear Robin's poverty, and *a' that.*

"Sir, — It is needless to attempt an apology for my remissness to you in money matters; my conduct is beyond all excuse. — Literally, Sir, I had it not. The Distressful state of commerce at this town has this year taken from my otherwise scanty income no less than £20. — That part of my salary depends upon the Imposts, and they are no more for one year. I inclose you three guineas; and shall soon settle all with you. I shall not mention your goodness to me; it is beyond my power to describe either the feelings of my wounded soul at not being able to pay you as I ought; or the grateful respect with which I have the honor to be

"Sir, Your deeply obliged humble servant,

"Robt. Burns.

"Dumfries, Jany. 29, 1795."

And so I walk out of my friend's leaf-y paradise this July afternoon, thinking of the bard who in all his songs and sorrows made

"rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch,"

and whose mission it was

"To weigh the inborn worth of *man*."

A PECULIAR CASE.

A PECULIAR CASE.

CYRUS came well recommended to us (by his own family), and, as the name he bore has still an interesting sound in Oriental history, we decided to employ him in our cool cottage "Down East." Our summer hut in those days overlooked the sea, and was one of the simplest resting-places outside that quiet haven which, for mortal reasons, we are all destined, sooner or later, to occupy. The grounds belonging to our rudimentary domicile required only the smallest amount of work to keep them in order, so we cast about for a young and inexpensive lad in the neighborhood who would come every morning early and attend to whatever was necessary for

our comfort and convenience on the premises. There was water to be pumped; there were shoes to be cleaned; the horse was to be brought up from the village stable when wanted for a drive; a few flowers were to be weeded and sprinkled; and various other small offices of a kindred nature required the daily ministration of some competent person who understood matters appertaining to a household epitome like ours. And so it came to pass that Cyrus, accompanied by a weak-minded little dog, presented himself the next morning after our arrival, and, standing in the breezy entry, with a nondescript fur cap on, pulled tightly down over his eyes, demanded information as to what he should "ketch holt on fust." Had he ever brushed a pair of shoes? No; but if I would bring him a pair, he would try his hand at it. In about an hour he brought in the shoes, and dryly observed he had "spread the whole box over 'em." He had put the contents, not only on the outside of the shoes, but had pasted them thoroughly on the inside as well! This was the first exhibition of his skill, and amply illustrated

the fact that he was no respecter of places, whatever he might be of persons. When I told him in future I would put my shoes outside my sleeping-room door, he drawled out, "They 'll be perfectly safe: nobody 'll tetch 'em!"

O, but he was a conspicuous trial in our lot, — a source of manifold woe to us all! His ability to do anything was an esoteric quality, and he held his few faculties in a kind of sacred privacy.

"Cyrus is a *peculiar case*," said his father (a squab little man, devoid of hair); "but don't be hash with him, and he 'll soon learn yer ways," — which he never did.

His multifarious manœuvrings to avoid learning our ways astounded the household. He was forever "jest a-goin'" to do everything, but he accomplished nothing. Shirking was a fine art with the rogue; it was akin to meat and drink with him; a kind of constant nutriment conducive to special gratification. And so he always postponed employment to a more convenient season, which season he trusted might never come.

Honest W. C., discoursing of the Washington embezzlements, let fall this explanation of "irregularities" at the Capitol: "Work 's an old-fashioned way of gittin' a livin'; it tires folks, and they don't like it."

Cyrus exemplified the forceful truth of a statement like this. Punctuality to duty in any form met with his sternest exprobation. He was what is called in the country "a growin' boy," and he grew to be a thorn in our side, a pest in our path, a cloud in our landscape. In brief, he proved the only serious trial in our cottage life by the sea, our only real skeleton, indoors or out.

Words are colorless to depict the inadequacy of Cyrus to the situation we had called him to fill. A dark lantern without a candle would have served us quite as well, for the boy shed no light anywhere, and handled nothing fitly. He was a creature of misinformation on every topic he ought to have been conversant with. He was constantly getting himself poisoned with ivy, the leaf of which he mistook for something else, and the consequent obfuscation of his countenance added

nothing to his personal attractions. He had a natural aversion to self-agency, so far as *he* was concerned. He did not know things by halves, or quarters even. He had languid hands, and languider legs. His figure was long and fuzzy, and when he walked, swung itself to and fro like a broken bulrush. All the possibilities of sloth were apparent in his feet. He limped and crept rather than walked. His whole being seemed parboiled, and his joints unsettled. He was an emblem of incompleteness, a memento of hopeless dearth, both moral and physical; celerity was extinct in him. He had a gone-out appearance, as of one dug up from the ashes of some Yankee Herculaneum; and, as a family, we felt a kind of mortification at belonging to the same race with such a remnant, such a bundle of half intuitions. Coleridge describes him when he speaks of "a monument of imbecility and blank endeavor," for the boy heard nothing, and saw nothing, from sheer and stubborn unuse of his faculties. He was unobservant as a "blind alley," whatever that ophthalmic curiosity may be; and he never picked

up anything, for he was not cognizant of matter like the majority of the human race.

Of positive truth, he was born insolvent. He was strong in partial falsehoods, and preferred the serpentine to a direct course on every occasion; but he had no falterings in deception. He preferred to sidle up to a lie rather than present it squarely; but there was no imperfection in the article itself when he had reached it. Sometimes, but not often, his fabrications were too crude to escape detection. Of this nature was his frequent apology for absences on account of the necessity of "attending his grandmother's funeral." At the end of the season, I made out from my records that Cyrus had been called upon to mourn the loss of nine extinct grandmothers in three months; but as his moral tegument was impervious to protestation, I never charged upon him, face to face, his pretended unnatural supply of female relations. (Ovid alludes to Bacchus as "twice born," — *bis geniti*, — but all such natal exaggerations are abhorrent to credulity.)

There are those whose minds are always on

the wrong side of any subject presented to them. Of such was the boy Cyrus in an eminent degree, for his mind was ever in that wandering state which precludes the possibility of lodging an idea within an acre or two of its blundering precincts. He dwelt in an atmosphere beclouded with carelessness, and so he comprehended everything in an opposite light from the true one. He paused when he should have gone on, and moved rapidly (for him) when he should have ceased motion.

His manners were preposterous in their illimitable absurdity. When I begged him one day to step forward quickly and hold a friend's horse that was restive at the door, he leisurely observed "he was not a-goin' to spring for anybody!" (Cyrus on a spring would have been a sight worth seeing.)

Being in the habit of bursting into my private room to ask irrelevant questions, at all hours, without the formality of knocking, I hinted mildly to him that it was the custom to knock before entering another's apartment. He stared

at my suggested act of propriety for a moment, and then blurted out the remark that for his part he did not "see wot good that would do, but he would give a thump next time." Accordingly when he had occasion to come again to my door, he pounded vigorously on it with the heel of his heavy boot.

"Who 's there?" I inquired.

"Cyrus J. Muchmore!" he shouted in a voice that set all the crockery dancing on the adjacent shelves, and "woke the neighboring cliffs around."

Laziness was his foible. He had that unpleasant quality in its supreme condition. The throne of indolence was vacant on our coast until Cyrus lolled forward and fell into it.

He was own brother to the snail, and no relation whatever to the ant. Even his cautious father, discoursing of him one day, acknowledged that "the boy was rather chicken-hearted about work." Unaided locomotion was distasteful to him. If sent on an errand to the next cottage, he waited patiently for an opportunity to trans-

fer himself bodily into the tail-end of somebody's passing wagon, considering it better to be thus assisted along than to assume the responsibility of moving forward on his own legs. He spared himself all the fatigue possible to mortality, and overcame labor by constantly lying in wait for "a lift," as he called it. He was the only seaside stripling I ever met who eschewed fishing. Most boys are devotees of the rod and line, but Cyrus was an exception. The necessary anterior search for bait was too much for his inertia. Clam and worm might lie forever undisturbed, so far as he was concerned. He must have slowly descended from that notorious son of laziness celebrated by old Barton, who said he enjoyed fishing until the fish began to bite; then he gave it up, as he could not endure the fatigue of drawing up the line and rebaiting the hook.

His dilatory habit rose sometimes to the audacity of genius. He could consume more hours in going a mile to the village post-office and returning with the mail than one would credit, unless his gait came under personal observation. We

took a kind of exasperated delight as we used to watch him trailing along the ground, and we felt a fresh wonder every day at his power of slow procedure. It seemed a gift, an endowment, now for the first time vouchsafed to mortal inertness. The caterpillar would have been too rapid for him; he would lose in a race with that dull groundling. He seemed to be counting myriads of something in the road. When he cautiously and laboriously lifted up one foot, it seemed an eternity before the other followed it. He would frequently drop asleep in getting over a stone-wall, and his recumbent figure was imprinted under all the trees by the roadside. He hated action, except at meals. *There* he astonished the cook, who complained after his advent into our kitchen that "one pair of hands could n't provide enough for such a commorunk," and advised us to have him "examined!" She accused him of "always a-georging of hisself." She averred that when he was helping her shell peas he ate up all but the pods during the operation; and she declared that if she took her eyes off him as he moved through the

pantry, he devoured as he went, to use her own words, "like an army of locusses."

He never knew what o'clock it was, but constantly asked everybody he met for "the time o' day." When informed, and the hour announced did not approximate dinner-time, he became discouraged and low-spirited, but revived at the sight of a chance apple or cucumber lying on the ground near by. I have seen him blossom into slow activity when unexpected food has been offered to him "between meals." His stomach rose to any occasion, and coped with all emergencies. We used to try him with a heavy slice of beef and mustard at ten o'clock in the morning, and he settled upon it at once with stolid avidity, cobra-fashion. He yearned for family picnics where there was no walking to be done, where the viands were ample, and nobody had occasion to bear along the baskets. He was constitutionally susceptible of double meals. His favorite localities could always be recognized by the débris of comestibles strewn around. Rinds of water-melon, egg-shells, and apple-cores betrayed his whereabouts. When off

duty at the kitchen-table he was ever devouring something from out a huge pocket which adorned his trousers on the right side, bulging it out like a wen. The protuberance became so enormous that one day I felt constrained to ask him if he had a cannon-ball in his thigh. No, it was only a couple of turnips he was "a-goin' to eat bumby." Every edible thing that grew was tributary to him. His taste was catholic. He fed largely and promiscuously. He was matchless in his depredations on cooked or uncooked. He was, in short, the lineal descendant of Pliny's "Annihilator," the great food destroyer of antiquity!

Born in the country, he was ignorant as a signpost of what came out of the soil. When set to work in the garden he pulled up everything but the weeds. He would mistake wormwood for parsley, and mustard for mint. Interrogatories disquieted him. When asked a question about what should have concerned him most, his unblushing reply was, "Don't know!"

He had adroitness in delegating jobs about the place to unsuspecting lads of his acquaintance that

was both amusing and exasperating. He would saunter along to the cottage in the morning, bringing with him two or three shabby-looking varlets of his own age, or a little younger, perhaps, and hide them away behind the rocks until their services might be required. At the proper time he would carry out the new hoe, or the new-fangled rake, to show them. Then he would gradually *toll* the boys up to some gap in the avenue that needed filling, or allure them to a lot of hay that must be gathered for the barn. He, meanwhile, would lie on the ground in a state of flat contentment, making the most of himself, and regarding the boys with supine satisfaction as they accomplished the task he ought himself to be engaged in. Coming upon him unexpectedly once while thus disporting his lazy length, I asked for an explanation of his conduct. He replied that he "was obleeged to lay daown on accaount of a jumpin' tewth-ache that hed jess sot in." His subterfuges were endless and invincible. They revolved about him in a perpetual cycle, ready for use at any moment, and so he was never caught

disfurnished with an excuse. Evasion was his armature, quiddity his defence. To upbraid him was a loss of time and patience. It would be a shrewd master indeed who could circumvent him! Choate was not more wary, or Webster more profound, than Cyrus when he was brought to bay.

He was full of illogical intrepidities. He eluded reproof with a conversational dexterity beyond the ordinary bent and level of his brain. He changed the current of discourse at will. When remonstrating with him one day on his short-comings and long-goings, he interrupted the strain of remark by inquiring if I had "heered that 'Siah Jones's hoss got cast t' other night, and took four men to drag him aout by the tail." On another occasion he cut short my admonition, just as the homily was culminating, by asking me if I "knowed that Abel Baker wore false teeth in his maouth, and sometimes put 'em in upside-daown, cos he did n't understand 'em." In the middle of a colloquy with him one morning on his unpunctual appearance at the cottage, he threw me completely off the

track by casually "wondering" if I had "ever run acrost the sea-sarpunt in my travels!" Haranguing him at the close of a day when he had neglected every duty, he broke the force of my censure by demanding if I was "for or agin capital punishment." He habitually glided away from a subject that happened to set against him, just as Tennyson's snake "slipped under a spray!"

Poor Cyrus! I have not even veiled his insignificant and unmusical name, for he is no longer extant in a world he did nothing to benefit or adorn. Oblivion called for him years ago. He was carried off in the season of green apples, being unable to restrain his reckless passion for unripe fruit. As I strew this handful of poppies over his unconscious eyelids, I remember with a smile of gratitude the daily fun his drowsy presence afforded to at least one member of that little household by the sea; and pondering how small an interest he ever took in the industries of life, I confidently apply to his "peculiar case" the well-known assertion in

a celebrated monody, — "Little *he* 'll reck if they let him *sleep* on!" Vex not his ghost! Light lie the turf on his inactive elbows, for they would be troubled, even now, if under pressure of any kind. It cannot be seriously said of him that he "rests from his labors," poor lad, for his frequent slumber was always more natural than his infrequent toil, and he knew how to take much ease during his brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. No "hoary-headed swain" Down East can ever make this passing observation touching the habits of our defunct acquaintance: —

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But many of us still remember how often —

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

FAMILIAR LETTER TO HOUSE-BREAKERS.

FAMILIAR LETTER TO HOUSE-BREAKERS.

GENTLEMEN, — Your daring eccentricities have often moved me to address you; but your recent gambols on my own premises compel immediate attention to the subject. The last time some of your fraternity unexpectedly called at my residence several incidents occurred which were not at all to your credit as honest and true men. Some of them, as the painters say, were entirely "out of drawing." Pardon me if I remind you in this public manner of the well-ventilated, proverbial reference to that fine sense of honor which is said to exist even among individuals of your exceptional *calling*. In "breaking and entering," as the law succinctly denominates

one of the customs of your craft, you did not, on the occasion referred to (again I crave forgiveness for the candid strain of my complaint), so carefully abstain from injuring my unfortunate possessions as you might have done. It has never been the habit of the confiding household to which I belong to lock either its doors or its drawers, but to save all unnecessary trouble by leaving everything we own most easy of access and quite free to the handling of your brotherhood, should any members of it chance to drop in upon us; yet, notwithstanding our forethought in your behalf, our studied solicitude for your comfort and convenience, you abstracted all the keys thus left to your mercy and utterly disregarded our natural claims in the matter. Note for one moment, gentlemen, what trouble you have caused us by this oversight of propriety. Every instrument you have thus purloined and appropriated to other entrances must be replaced by us; and, as the locks on most of the doors thus defrauded are patent ones and not easily fitted by an ordinary locksmith, experts at a distance must be sent for

and brought, with considerable expense, into these gaping and unprotected apartments. Again, it is not exactly according to the Commandments for an unknown number of persons to come by night into a dwelling-house of which they do not "hold the title-deed," wearing boots that leave indelible nail-marks on the tops of other people's pianos and that soil unworn carpets and stairs with a compound of tar and mud, whose consistence it is beyond the efforts of time and chemistry to remove. Spilling oil or other disagreeable fluid by the quart, or even by the pint, on couches and table-covers and leaving it supernatent where fine proof engravings have been laid is not a high-toned act, gentlemen, and ought not to be sanctioned by your guild. I am sorry to notice, also, a morbid tendency in your profession, of late, to mutilate paintings *hanging* on the inoffensive walls; and the inhuman wish will not be kept down that some of you could be compelled to change places with them, — for a few hours, at least. There seems, too, a growing desire among you to molest the marble adornments,

"Whose white investments figure innocence,"

in a house. Consider for a moment, gentlemen, what it must be for a proprietor to go down stairs in the morning and find his own bust transmuted from a "speaking likeness" into an object fit only for the ash-barrel! Think of his domestic partner's feelings when she descends into the drawing-room, after your midnight visit, and beholds the wreck you have left behind! Gentlemen, could you have been present on a certain morning of last week, you would have witnessed a scene of woe to flutter in unwonted manner the most dishonest heart, albeit, you are, I believe, somewhat given to the *melting* mood. (The silver tea-set you conveyed away from us during your late sojourn was a wedding-gift, most *chastely* wrought. Where is it now and what rank furnace saw its molten pangs?) I will not here enumerate all

"The parcels and particulars of our grief";

but what an incommunicative heap you left us of what was once the semblance of a living and immortal art! There lay our "Young Augustus," quite chapfallen; our "Clytie," headless in the flower of youth; our "Dying Gladiator," more

than dead and turned to clay; our skyey-pointing "Mercury," overthrown and void. Bending over her vanished treasures (spoils of many and many a happy year), the tearful owner stood, a monument of sorrow paralyzed by grief, among her broken idols. Really, gentlemen, it did seem a wholesale and superfluous destruction of beautiful things (could not *one* suffice?); but perhaps you are of Captain Swosser's opinion, that "if you make pitch hot you cannot make it too hot." (Pardon this levity, gentlemen, on a theme so serious; but pitch is always suggestive.)

I did not hear your ingress on that fatal night which brought us all our woe, for I am torpid as a watchman after twelve o'clock; but if I had encountered you on my premises during your call I should have made a special revolving plea for the safety of those particular household gods. Excuse my bluntness, gentlemen; but your iconoclastic feats are unpraiseworthy and will not bear repetition. Such rites are unholy in the extreme, and are only practised by bunglers in your vocation. Performances like those are crude and can-

not come to good. No true artist will ever stoop so low.

I linger over our wrongs because they are so great. You have inflicted upon this family a household cruelty, and, to employ the pomp of Shakesperean phrase, have made us

> "Feel the bruises of the day before,
> And suffer the condition of the times
> To lay a heavy and unequal hand
> Upon our honors."

We are, indeed, wounded where we least expected blows; and we cannot, therefore, as some of our modern judges and juries do, regard you in the light of honest and civil citizens. I am aware that current sympathy, in and out of the courts, now runs in favor of protecting the criminal; but the amusements you pursue, though possibly lucrative, are dangerous. Your pastime is open to suspicion, at least. There are individuals here and there, even in *this* year of the Republic, who doubt if a thief ought to be habitually classed with honest men. "Flat burglary" has in some quarters become prejudicial to reputations.

Not many years ago, in England, — a country, I am told, from which many of your stock have emigrated to this one, — they instituted a kind of gymnastic exercise specially adapted for your permanent reform. "Dancing on nothing" I think they called the saltatory position where sentence was executed in those days. A friend of mine attended several trials at the Old Bailey in 1827, and on one occasion saw three able-bodied and accomplished gentlemen of your persuasion *condemned to death* for forgery and house-breaking; and there was no pardon following close upon the decision of that court. They gave no quarter then to Worshipful Knights of the False Keys. There was no divergence of opinion touching the character of your Order in those days, gentlemen.

Yours is not a liberal profession; consequently, your exceptional career is limited. A great artist in your line is now passing the remainder of his life (when not engaged in lapidarian dissections) in the contemplation of a very small, unfurnished apartment, adorned with no wood-work and much rectangular iron. He possessed rare social quali-

ties and was friendly to the worst pursuits of man. Constabulary restraint grew fluid at his touch. From his youth up he could pick a lock with the best of his tribe, and shop-lifting was his favorite faith. His special gift, perhaps, lay in crawling through apertures where an infant's body would have been tightly wedged. The secret skill with which he transferred the well-guarded property of others into his own keeping seemed a new-born power, coming into the world only at his particular advent. He was the wonder of his time and the envy of his clan. But pause now before his hermit cell and gaze upon his shaven head. Your own fair locks, gentlemen, may one day come to to be picked like his. He once had curls abundant as your own. Think of *your* macassared crowns diminished to that ignoble condition! Under the circumstances, gentlemen, is it obtrusive in me to warn you and call your attention loudly to this example of capillary unattraction before you? You have had among you, no doubt, many a *hair-breadth* escape; but yonder dismantled dome of thought, once thatched with comely locks,

preaches a lesson to you not to be lightly set aside. *Your* turn in the barber-shop of fate, when you, too, will be invited to take the inexorable chair, is sure to come. The avenging shears are waiting to crop you also. "Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer," cries Dr. Young, in his suggestive "Night Thoughts," a book written for after-dark reflection, — the very time when your unhallowed business begins. Think, gentlemen, how party-colored trousers would become such nimble legs as yours! Would iron bracelets ornament a pair of wrists in close proximity to taper fingers such as you exhibit, — fingers educated, I am informed, by adepts in reducing size to especial emergencies? Gentlemen, I will pursue no further a course of thought distasteful perhaps to sensitive spirits and unwelcome to household artists like yourselves. I will venture the hope, however, that you will, in all future exploits on my own premises, do me the particular favor to abstain from wanton acts of cruelty to "lifeless and inanimate clay" (to say nothing of marble), — acts

"That make such waste in brief mortality."

In closing this epistle, let me remind your brotherhood of an observation written years ago by a brilliant and thoughtful French woman, when describing a certain notorious and infamous character who figured a long time since in high Parisian circles: "There are two little inconveniences," said she, "which make it difficult for any one to undertake his funeral oration, — namely, his *life* and his *death!*" This remark is equally valuable to those of us who move in a lower stratum of society than the archbishop whom Madame was depicting. Take care, gentlemen with fractured reputations, devourers of widows' houses, and breakers and enterers generally, or your own dark records, like that of the great prelate's, may deprive you also of those obsequies which he forfeited by the habitual sequestration of other people's property and the application of it to his own unbridled and selfish uses.

Gentlemen, I have no reluctance now in bidding you farewell, and, in doing so, I sincerely wish it may ere long be said of all your tribe individually, what Lucullus in the play observes of Timon: —

"Every man has his fault, and *Honesty* is his."

OUR VILLAGE DOGMATIST.

OUR VILLAGE DOGMATIST.

IF "to be wise were to be obstinate," Underhill has lately lost its incarnation of wisdom. A few months ago we followed to his corner-lot in the windy graveyard all that was mortal (and there was considerable of it) of "old Cap'n Barker Brine," as he was familiarly called by man, woman, and child in our little community. Born with protruded lips and elevated eyebrows, he was for many years our village doubter, oracle, and critic,—our tyrannical master of opinion in all public and private matters; and even now the prelude to any wise commonplace is, "*Old Cap'n Brine used to say.*" He is already a classic in Underhill, and will be quoted for cen-

turies to come, no doubt. "*Cap'n Barker Brine said so*" will always be familiar in the common mouth, and will settle many a disputed point — theological, political, and domestic — for generations yet to advance and take possession of these quaint streets and antique dwellings. *What* he said was ordinary, unoriginal, and absurdly illogical, but it was the *way* he said it that produced an effect. He had "great command of language," but the commodity was good for nothing after it had been commanded. He evinced a constitutional determination to verbiage unsurpassed in the records of inanity, and only those who knew him could possibly appreciate his affluence of rigmarole. He was a colloquial inebriate, constantly tumbling about in a kind of verbal delirium tremens. For instance, I remember one thick, foggy day he rolled into the post-office, where we were all assembled to wait for the morning mail; and, on being appealed to for an explanation of the cause which brings about the heavy mists which so frequently envelop us at Underhill, he leaned thoughtfully on his walking-stick and thus deliv-

ered himself, in a swelling, majestic tone, that implied long and mysterious study over the phenomenon: "*When the Atmosphere and Hermisphere comes together, it causes the earth to sweat, and thereby produces a fog!*" The learned manner in which the Cap'n pronounced these idiotic words established conviction in the minds of nearly all the listeners present.

The Cap'n was a bulky person, and he needed to be so, for only an extra-sized individual could have carried around such "ponderous syllables" as he encircled.

Susan G., who gladdens our summer cliffs with her presence, and whose sense of humor is one of her prominent delightful qualities, hoards up questions all winter to stagger the Cap'n with during July and August. She says she has never yet been put off *sans* answer, no matter how absurd the interrogation. The Cap'n cannot afford to appear unknowing in his native Underhill, before anybody. Susan, encountering him one day at the little-of-everything shop, boldly marched up to the chair he was sitting in, surrounded by his ad-

miring townsmen, and inquired, "Is there any difference, Captain, between a radical and a barnacle?"

"*It 's the same specie, — the same specie,*" loftily rejoined the philosopher, with a half-negligent, self-satisfied air, waving off Susan to a more removed corner of the shop. S. says there was a general consciousness of superiority in the tone in which the Cap'n said this, that no attempted imitation could possibly delineate. It was the meridian triumph of small vanity and ignorant readiness, which only the Cap'n's experience knew how to combine. S. declares it was inherent, consummate *genius!*

The blank uniformity of opinion in our small community was due entirely to the influence of this oracular, seaworthy old inhabitant, full as he was of misinformation and conceit. He had picked up, in his early wanderings about the world, a collection of high-sounding phrases, which he never omitted to employ when the time came, and they never failed to produce an effect. The *sound* of a word was more to him than the *sense* it conveyed. He found twenty different uses for the

same expression. He had a natural disrelish for simplicity, and craved the *show* of things. When a poor, half-crazed fellow, in a fit of despondency, jumped into the water, and was taken out before he had time to drown, the Cap'n, in telling the story, said the man had "committed suicide *temporarily.*" Observing some thin boards under his arm as he was proceeding homeward to dinner, I asked him what they were for, and he informed me they were for "*piazzary* purposes." Showing him an ingenious contrivance for washing clothes, which regulated itself, he assumed an artistic expression, and said, "Yes, sir, I preceive it is a self-*digesting* machine." He affected to be what he called "*a studier of complaints,*" and he made frequent allusions to a "suggestion of the brain," and "longevity of the spinal marrow," whatever these diseases might be. He spoke disparagingly of people who kept a "*revenue* of servants," and a fresh, healthy breeze from the north he called an "*embracing* air." For the clergy generally he had just contempt, and always spoke of them as "*ignorameans.*" One of his favorite phrases, "*the*

line of demarcation," he employed every day of his life, and it was amusing to note how he pressed it into conversation even on the most inopportune occasions. You could not be long in his company without culling the information that he had seen "the great Cooper play Richard the King"; that he had "shaken hands with Old Hickory" (General Jackson); that he had "held an argument once with a bishop," whom he complimentarily described as "a high-toned, pompous gentlemen"; and that he had frequently sailed "among the Spanish islands." "When I was master of the old Numy" (Numa Pompilius?) prefaced many of his impossible adventures; and he constantly referred to a period when he saw a mermaid "off the coast of Gibberalter." "*What the Frenchman calls Kick-shoes*" (*quelque-chose*) was an every-day phrase with him. "*As the Sweden-virgins* (Swedenborgians) *believe,*" was another. He quoted frequently from "the Pitomy," whatever that might be; probably it was the *Epitome* of something or other, — perhaps an old-time nautical volume. One of his favorite axioms was this:

"When a man understands navigation he understands everything"; and there was no one in Underhill to dispute the assertion.

The Cap'n's admiration for the First Napoleon was profusely vociferous whenever occasion offered. Indeed, his worship extended to all the Bonaparte family, and he spoke as familiarly of *Joseph* and *Jerome* as of his own brethren of the sea. But, instead of declaring himself, as he meant no doubt to do, a *Napoleonist*, he always made the mistake of asserting that he was a "stanch *Neapolitan*," having early in life, no doubt, got the impression that was the word most expressive of his homage for the Napoleon dynasty.

He would read steadily by the hour in an antiquated dictionary called "Perry's Royal Standard"; but *Plutarch* and *Pope*, he said, engaged his attention more constantly than all other authors. Somehow he had got a confused idea that they were contemporary writers.

This was the person who dominated Underhill, proving conclusively that a man is apt to be esti-

mated everywhere according as he estimates himself. We all lived under the sway of his critical faculty, and accepted his dictum from mere force of habit. Nobody cared to praise or find fault with the paint on a new house, the style of a new barn, the color of a new cow, the gait of a new horse, the sermons of a new minister, until the Cap'n had "pronounced upon them." I remember he spoiled all the chances of settling an excellent young clergyman in our parish by saying of the new candidate, that "*his thoughts was poor, and his manners in the pulpit was prepostuous.*" Some few of the parishioners attempted a dissent from this judgment, but it availed nothing. "Old Cap'n Brine don't like him" settled the matter, but not the minister.

The Cap'n's wife had died in middle life, and we were informed by the only old lady in the parish who dared to speak disparagingly of the village oracle, that "Maria Brine was harnsum as a picter when she was young," but that she was worn out by her husband's contempt for every word she uttered in his presence, — "scorched by his disdain."

If the meek woman happened to make a remark on any subject under consideration, he would fiercely demand how *she* came to know anything about it! "I believe to my soul," said our informant, "he fairly mortified that poor creetur into her grave long before her time!"

Our first encounter with the Cap'n happened in this wise. When we first went to look for summer lodgings in Underhill, the postmaster referred us to "Cap'n Barker Brine down by the p'int, who sometimes took folks to board as an accommodation." Steering coastwise, according to direction, we found a stout, cranberry-colored personage mending some old lobster-nets that were spread out on the little green lawn between the rocks at the back of his weather-beaten house. We opened the garden-gate and saluted the master on his own premises; but he was arrogantly oblivious, or pretended to be, that two strangers had entered on his domain.

"Is Captain Brine at home?" we inquired.

"He is," deliberately responded the proud proprietor.

"Can we see him?" one of us ventured to ask.

"You can," responded the retired mariner, who still went on, like a determined old spider, laboriously mending his nets.

Coming nearer to the point, we asked if *he* were Captain Brine.

"I *am*," he replied; and taking from his jacket-pocket a half-decayed clay pipe, proceeded to look down the bowl as if the vista were a mile or two long, assuming all the while the appearance of a philosopher "tracking Suggestion to her inmost cell."

"We have come to look for board this summer, Captain, and we 've taken the liberty to inquire here."

"Nobody henders ye," jerked out the net-mender.

"Is there good fishing off these rocks, Captain?"

"'Cordin' to what you call good!" he replied.

"Professor Agassiz says this is a capital place for perch," we ventured to remark.

"Old Gashus don't know *every*thing," responded the Cap'n.

"But he knows a great deal about fishes, having made them a special study," we rejoined.

"I can learn Gashus and all the rest of 'em their A B C!" roared the Cap'n, with an expletive at the end of his defiant remark.

Not caring to dispute with the irate old mariner as to the relative piscatory knowledge of the great professor and himself, we brought round the conversation to its starting-point, and begged to know if he could "accommodate" us for two months in his cottage. The old man gave a contemptuous glance from under his shaggy gray brows, and thus delivered himself: "In the fust place, I'm not acquainted with ye. In the second place, you're too set in your notions for *me*. In the third place, we don't take boarders no more."

Some time after this encounter we came to know the Cap'n intimately, and were frequently honored with invitations to fish with him. Well might a plain, unlettered farmer, who feared we might underrate the Cap'n's powers, observe in our hearing with considerable emphasis, "Cap'n Barker Brine can handle logic just as well as I can

A WATCH THAT "WANTED CLEANING."

A WATCH THAT "WANTED CLEANING."

I THINK I never saw a person who needed renewal of garments in a more pronounced degree than the gaunt individual I encountered a few weeks ago in Omaha. We met casually on the upland overlooking Council Bluffs, whither I had gone for a morning walk in that city of newness and hospitality. The man was sitting on the stump of a recently beheaded tree, regarding a watch, which he now and then held up in a kind of hopeless manner, and listened to for a sign of life from its inner apartments. When he saw me approaching he rose up and asked for "the time o' day." As I had only "Boston time," and that was of no use so far "out

West," he sighed, again shook the unresponsive article in his hand, and spoke as follows:—

"This 'ere watch, stranger, 's a puzzler. Some thing 's the matter with 'er. I 've seen a good-dle of trouble in my day, but nothin' at all like *this* afore. In my younger days I once had a personal difficulty with a bear, but that was fun compared to this affliction."

Noticing a settled grief on the poor fellow's soiled and sunken countenance, I sat down beside him on the ample resting-place he had chosen, and made inquiry as to the cause of his *untimely* sorrow. After a brief pause he thus unburdened himself:—

"Stranger, if you was in the watch line, we 'd have nothing to do with one another; but as you ain't, I don't mind givin' you 'er history, which you 'll allow is somewhat discouragin'. I bought 'er two months ago in *She*-cargo for sixteen dollars down and five dollars in poultry. I had 'er of a fine-lookin' man who keeps jewillry on the sidewalk down by the Palmer House. He was a perfect gentleman in appearance, wore studs himself, and his conversation was high-toned. He said he was a

member in reg'lar standin' of more 'n fifty churches in various parts of the United States where he traded. He said he set his life by the watch, but *would* part with 'er if he was shore the man he sold 'er to was a moral man, and would take good care of 'er. He said she was wunst the property of a particular friend o' hisn, one o' the craowned heads o' Ure-up, but the king was obleeged to sell 'er on accoaunt of a change in his circumstarnces. He said there was more 'n two hundred jewills in 'er which was invisible to the naked eye. Waal, to make a long story short, I negoshated for 'er on the spot, and I 'member just as well as if 't was yisterday, he said she would n't warnt cleanin' ef I car'd 'er in mur pocket, keerful, for twenty year.

"So, ye see, I took 'er 'long to Rock Island on the Mississippi, where I live, but she seemed to go on the jump all the way daown. Waal, I carried 'er into Jason's one day, and asked *him* to give a look into 'er insides, and tell me, ef he could, what made 'er act so. He screwed *his* old glass into the right eye, and arter a while

he laid 'er down on the coaunter, and says he, 'She 's a powerful good watch, but she *warnts cleanin'!*' When I heerd that, I was dumbfounded. Says I, 'She was cleaned all over last week.' Says he, 'That may be, but she 's full o' dirt naow. It 's dusty this fall,' says he, 'and some on it 's got into *'er.*' Waal, I thought it all over, and said he might go to work on 'er next day; and he charged me tew dollars and fifty cents for cleanin' on 'er aout. Pooty soon I had to go off to Aurory, and she begun to act quair agin. So I took 'er into a watchmaker's there, and asked him to fling *his* eye round, and see what ailed 'er. Waal, he did, for ez much as five minits, and then says he, 'She 's a fust-rate watch, but she warnts cleanin'!' Says I (and I could n't help gittin' riled then), 'She 's bin cleaned aout twice lately, and that 's a fact.' 'Waal,' says he, 'I never seed a dirtier, and if she ain't 'tended to, double quick, in twenty-four hours she 'll bust of 'er own accord, and fly all to pieces, and never go agin.' This illarmed me, nat'rally, and so I told him to strip 'er and go to work with his tooth-

brush and things, and I 'd pay him what was right. So he did, and he sot down on me for one seventy-five, and one fifty for what he called *inside-entle* expenses. Waal, she went ellygant all the way on to Milwaukee, but the fust night I got thar she begun to hitch and sputter to that extent I run over to a watchmaker, early in the mornin', for assistance. Waal, he turned 'er over three or four times, and kind o' smiled at the rumblin' inside on 'er. Then he looked thoughtful and pried 'er open. Says I, '*Enny thing serious?*' Says he, — and his reply run through me like a fawk, — says he, 'She 's a *re*markable good timepiece, but she warnts *cleanin'!*' Waal, to make an end to mur story, I had 'er put through *his* mill, and some o' *his* ile slung into 'er. He said 't was such a ugly job (I told him when he took' er in hand to be careful o' the invisible jewills), that his bill would be four dollars and ten cents, the ten cents bein' for fingerin' careful round the reubies and things. Waal, Sir, she cut up agin last night, and I stept in to Cross & Jones's, and asked their young man to ixamine 'er parts, and pro-

noaunce upon 'er. Waal, he rubbed in *his* magnifying-glass, and screwtenized 'er, and says he, 'That 's the most valuble watch I ever seed inside o' Omaha, but she warnts *cleanin'* most ——y!' When I heerd that, I expressed myself like a *disgusted* night-hawk, and snatched 'er aout o' *his* hands, and brought 'er raound here to ponder over. What I wish to inquire is, Stranger (and I ask for information), how many times a watch thet 's full o' invisible jewills has to be cleaned aout in the course o' two months? I never owned one afore, but if the jewills *nee-sessiates* that expense, as I 'm a pore man, had n't I better have 'em punched aout, don't you think?"

And I advised him to have the "jewills" removed immediately, and sold in Europe for the most they would bring.

BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

MASTER SLOWWORM, the grammarian, on glancing at the title of this paper, will affirm, without contradiction, that the word *bothersome* cannot be found in the dictionary. I retort on our verbal patriarch the equally truthful remark that neither does the word *enthusiasm* exist in Shakespeare! And just there I leave Master Slowworm's objection.

There are loose superfluous mortals who seem to have come into the world on a special mission to break the Ten Commandments; and they would do it all at one blow, if possible. But I do not reckon them among the bothersome people of our planet. The law kindly looks after those

who thus meddle wickedly with certain portions of the Decalogue, and deals justly with them all. But the *botherers* in life escape unpunished, and go to their graves unbranded with infamy. Their tombstones are often, nay, commonly, placed in the most respectable corners of the graveyard; and I have found, not infrequently, the word *virtue* engraven on their marbles. *Annoyances*, not *sins*, have been their offences against man, woman, and children kind; and it was in little things they performed their abominations, while sojourning above ground.

In yonder breezy mound sleeps all that was mortal of Mr. Benjamin Borax. The inscription above his bones does not record *all* his worldly accomplishments. He had one trait which the stone-cutter has omitted; and I refer to it, in passing, simply in justice to B. B.'s remains. Having had his acquaintance forty long and tedious years, I am qualified to speak feelingly of the man; and I do it without a particle of malice, or exultation at his removal from my "list of friends." But I *will* say that, while he was living,

after an experience elongated through the period I have mentioned, death had no longer any terrors for the members of my immediate family or myself. B. B. never meant to "hurt anybody's feelings." "He would n't kill a fly" might have been chiselled with the rest of his churchyard eulogy. But he *bothered* all who knew him to the very verge of unforgiveness. When he entered your house, fear fell upon all its inmates; for his want of tact and courtesy, his utter oblivion to those small decencies which make social life sweet and commendable, often rendered his presence, not to speak it profanely, little short of infernal. Bearing about an incapacity for happiness on his countenance, he would come unsmiling and unbidden into your nursery, and frighten, by the very *awkwardness in his face*, the small occupants almost into idiocy. Not knowing how to *approach the infant sense*, he bothered the little ones by his miscalculations at direful pleasantry with them. Dickens mentions a cruel propensity which some people have of rumpling the hair of small boys, as if they were little dogs that ought

to be rubbed up somewhere. No sooner does a sleek young fellow enter the room, with his hair "all in order for company," than up starts some great stupid visitor to begin a friendship with the lad by *wobbling* up his carefully brushed locks into a tangled mop of uncomeliness. Such a bothersome old towzer was B. B.; and I confess it was not without a secret satisfaction that I once saw little Peter F. administer him a sturdy kick on his unprotected ankles during the very act of mangling up the urchin's pretty golden curls. When I called Peter to account next morning for this belligerent outbreak of temper, he said, with considerable emphasis, that he 'd "do it again, if Mr. Borax *meddled* with *him!*" (P. F. at that time was aged six, and went to bed habitually, without a murmur, at eight o'clock!)

Children hate to be bothered with *questions*, both in and out of school; and yet how we bore them with catechismal demands, almost in their very cradles. As soon as they are old enough to stammer out a reply, we arraign their little wits, and seek to make them respond to such

foolish whimsies as, "How old was Methuselah?" "Who discovered America?" "What do two and two make?" and the like. Nervous little Rob R. was nearly frightened into fits one day, when bungling old Parson Pew, in his hard, unsmiling way, with a voice like thunder, asked him suddenly, "Who made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh?" "*I* did!" screamed the child, bursting into tears, "*but — I 'll — never — do so — any more!*" Poor Bob was bothered into assuming to himself the formation of a universe, and told a sinless lie in order to blurt out a promise of future good conduct.

Emerson, in one of his wise, characteristic sentences, says we sometimes meet a person who, if good manners had not existed, would have invented them. I know a cumberer of my neighborhood who would have originated bothersome bad ones, if the article had not previously been contrived. He brings his total wealth of infelicities with him wherever he comes. When he enters your dwelling, mental chaos begins. He is anxious and peppery, albeit he is uncertain,

even to the very Anno Domini in which he is at present breathing and fuming. He looks encyclopædias, but utters himself in primers. He is a perfect master of *Misreport*. His mind could be dispensed with, like a decayed turnip, or an out-of-date oyster; and he forgets an event before he knows it. Gravity and lassitude would better become his lack-brain-itudenarian habit; but he chooses to be conversational and informative. He never keeps an appointment. Everything "slips his mind." He carries two watches, but he never knows the time of day; nor (I am bound to say it) of night, either. Once seated at your winter fireside, he "outwatches the bear." He begins a story as the clock strikes Twelve, and when the coal is declining to burn any longer. It is near One when the uneasy shadow departs, volunteering, as he goes, the unsolicited remark that he is "sure to come again next week, when he hopes to find me in better spirits."

I was charmed with J. W.'s experience with a ponderous country neighbor of his not long ago, who *would* "drop in" just as the family were all

pointing bedward, and then bother them for an hour or two with puffy accounts of his ailments. J. W. keeps a parrot, — one of the most sapient of birds, — and he lets the chattering, companionable creature walk about the room, strutting, with habitual self-importance, here and there as pretentious fancy dictates. One night W.'s unprepossessing neighbor settled himself, about nine o'clock, in front of the crackling logs, and began his usual hypochondriac recital. The *séance* threatened to be prolonged into midnight. Obadiah's droning voice went sounding on its "dim and perilous way"; and now and then one of the female members of the family glided noiselessly out of the room, unnoticed by the dreary visitor. J. W. felt the need of all his Christian fortitude, and was making up his mind for a sitting never equalled on a similar occasion in length, when the parrot, spying around Obadiah's legs, discovered a bare spot lying between the hitched-up trousers and the adjacent stocking. Working his way cautiously under the chair, while the narrator was deeply engaged in dull discourse, the bird sud-

denly pounced upon the uncovered limb, and adroitly nipped out a piece about the size of a small blister. The pain caused Obadiah to spring into the air; and, seizing his hat, he left the house, vowing vengeance on the "pesky parrot." And to this day he declares he will never enter J. W.'s mansion again, "so long as that tarnal bird is round."

There is a kind of long-drawn bothersome visitor, who has a habit of disappointing his host and hostess by constantly making little feints of going away, but never quite accomplishing it. Now he raises himself slowly from his chair, and your cheated spirits rise with him. He is about to say "good-night," you think. He is preparing to depart! His figure is partly out of the seat in which he has been for two hours planted! He seems fairly under way! One manly effort more, and you are free! Vain hope! it is only to settle himself more firmly that he stretches up, for a moment, his awful form. Down he sinks again, and you are booked for another hour of "dire disaster and supine defeat." O ye moths of

precious moments! affable wolves of time! who eat up our very seed-brain, and give us nothing in return but unprofitable husks and chaff! What golden hours ye have remorselessly destroyed, feeding upon those priceless, hoarded evenings that never can be restored, — nights that seemed made for study and the "mind's most apt endeavor"!

The Emperor Julius Cæsar, on one occasion, proved himself a most bothersome social visitor. I read lately one of Cicero's letters to his friend Atticus, describing a visit which the august Julius had been making at his villa; and the epistle gives a most ludicrous account of the Emperor's "dropping in" upon him. It seems that the world's imperial master had sent word to Cicero that he would soon be along his way, and would give him a call. The silver-tongued orator was only too delighted at the promised honor, and immediately hurried off a messenger to say, "Come, by all means; happy to see you any time; and you must spend several days with me." On the morning of the bald-headed warrior's ex-

pected arrival, we may judge of Cicero's astonishment and alarm, when a courier arrived with the intelligence that Julius was comfortably on his way to the villa, but that he was attended by a *thousand men*, who must also be "put up," as we would say nowadays; that is, handsomely fed and sheltered during the Emperor's little visit. Cicero's accommodations were not extensive, and his dismay corresponded in inverse ratio to the smallness of his quarters. Not anticipating any such addition to his limited hospitalities, he was obliged to send out at once, all over the neighborhood, for tents and provender; and, borrowing here and there, he managed to make a fair appearance when the great Julius and all his host came riding up. But writing about the affair to Atticus, after the party had gone on, and tranquillity had been restored to his house, he says, "The Emperor was very pleasant, and all that, but, under the circumstances, he is not a man to whom I should ever say again, 'When you are passing this way another time, sir, drop in and give us a call.'"

But how various the employment of your professionally "bothersome people"! Kind-hearted B. C. told me he had been bothered for years by a *reforming* inebriate, who made his acquaintance in this wise. B. is an old-fashioned clergyman who allows himself to be at everybody's call; and, seated one Saturday morning busily "touching up" his sermon for the next day, Susan (his Irish footman, as he calls her) knocked at the study door (B. C. always writes in an apartment up five pairs of stairs), and informed the good *padre* that "a gintleman warnted to see his Riverence down in the lower intry." Now it is a matter of several minutes, and much expenditure of leg-power, to descend those multitudinous flights which lead into the hall below; but down goes B., with his ever-smiling, ready courtesy, to meet the *gintleman* who has so kindly called upon him. B. says a suggestive odor, not at all aqueous, but compounded of various cheap and vile liquors, saluted his nostrils as he approached the vicinity of his unknown caller; and that when he got fairly into the hall he was aware of a presence he had never

encountered before. The figure raised its head with difficulty, and thus delivered itself somewhat ostentatiously: "I am a reformed inebriate, Doctor, and, having taken the oath, would humbly beg your Riverence to lend me five dollars to help me keep the pledge." B. C. affirms that he could not at the moment determine exactly how that precise amount in currency was to help the poor man in the object named, but that he thought it best to "accommodate his caller to the desired sum." Dismissing the whilom inebriate with such counsel as his wise heart can always command, B. went up stairs again to his dutiful task. A week went by, and that morning call had wellnigh vanished from his recollection, when Susan again appeared as heretofore and announced a second visit to the doctor from his unknown friend. Down went the good man in his slippers, anticipating an announcement from the poor creature that success had followed his efforts to keep sober, and that he had come to express his gratitude. As B. was going down the last pair of stairs, the man, holding firmly on to

the baluster below, looked up confidingly and said, "Doctor, I've *fallen again*, and have come for five more!" "I expostulated with him," said the doctor, in relating the incident to me, "but he would not retire until I had repeated the loan, and now he is constantly *falling*, and spends half his time in my front entry, bothering me for continued fives to enable him to stand up against temptation."

There is a French proverb which declares that nothing is certain to happen but the *unforeseen;* and some bothersome people are constantly illustrating the truth of this Gallic *mot.* G. T., from his youth up, has been a constant exemplification of it. His watchful parents placed iron bars across his nursery windows, but he elected to fall down the back stairs twice during his nonage, and on both occasions damaged his slender chances for being reckoned a "pretty fellow." All his life long, instead of hitting straight forward, he has bothered his agonized associates by striking out sideways without warning, and thus getting worsted in every contest. One can never be sure of him to this

day (he is past seventy and alarmingly vigorous), and he bothers his best friends by unexpected infelicities of thought and action to that degree that they sometimes breathe the pious wish that he were an aged angel flying somewhere else. To enumerate *his* unlimited feats in the art of botheration would require the pen of a ready writer.

If G. T. always *does* the wrong thing his kinsman X. as incontinently *says* the wrong one, and bothers people in that way. After reading and delighting in that wonderful romance, "The Marble Faun," on being introduced to the distinguished author, X. asked him if "he had ever *been in Italy.*" And it is related that he innocently inquired of Mrs. Stowe one day "if she had looked much into the subject of slavery"! "Do you take sugar in your coffee, Mr. X.?" asked that careful, almost too immaculate housekeeper, the hospitable lady of Joy Cottage, as she handed him a cup of her aromatic beverage. "Never when the coffee is good," replied X., bowing his homage to our admirable hostess. A few moments afterwards we heard his loud, explosive voice call-

ing after Tom, the servant, to "*pass the sugar*"! Now there is nothing positively *bad* about X.: on the contrary, there is much that is positively *good* in him. At the first tap of the drum he ran off to the war, and among its battle-records there are no pages more fearless than his. Out of his modest income he supports one or more indigent lads (sons of his dead comrades) at the university. He is generous without fault; but he is tranquilly *bothersome* in the way I have indicated to the very margin of patient endurance. He is a saint in morals, but a desperate offender in manners.

My old acquaintance W. H. says the people who bother him most are those human *Curiosity* terriers who watch all your sayings and doings, and never let you stir without following you up everywhere with this keen scent. They wish to know "all about you." They seem always on a cheerful tour of investigation among other people's faults or foibles. Their constant cry is, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" They study "to find out your *motives*" even. They desire to be informed (for their own satisfaction) what *actuated* you to move thus

or thus. Tristram Shandy called this class of botherers "Motive Mongers," and accused his own father of being one of them. Tristram averred that the old gentleman was a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying, for he generally knew your *motive* for doing both "much better than you knew it yourself." Silas W. carried this searching demand of reasons for conduct to such a length that I once heard him express a decided aversion to Moses, "for," said he, "I never could exactly fathom that man's motives!"

Among the smaller brood of bothersome people, my cousin G. reckons those dense-witted, circumstantial souls who *will* interrupt your best story with a doubt or a denial of its verity. They live in an atmosphere of imperfect sympathies, and goad you to blasphemy almost by their stolid unreceptivity. The man who robs your anecdote of its prosperity by an ill-timed arrest of its recital, says G., would bury his own father before the remains are decently ready for sepulture.

I had written thus far, when a restless neighbor

of mine called to bear me away, over a hot road, to view a bloated bowlder he had discovered miles off, on one of his peregrinations. This kind, mistaken soul constantly bothers me by insisting on "*showing me things*" I do not desire to see. *His* mania is that of an *Indicator*. Some "prospect," some famous kitchen-garden, somebody's pig or poultry, anything big enough "to show," transports him into a fever of *exhibition*, and you never meet him but he burns to take you somewhere to see something, until you long to bequeath him as a constant resident to the next county.

But the length of this paper is, I perceive, already a glaring illustration of my subject, and unwittingly I become one of the "*Bothersome People*" I attempt to describe!

PLEASANT GHOSTS.

PLEASANT GHOSTS.

I OFTEN amuse myself, as I sit alone half-dreaming before the fire in a certain upper room, looking out on the river Charles, by calling up the memorable forms of those once active "ministers of thought," who at various periods during the past twenty years have slept in this very apartment, and are now "to calm, unwaking silence consecrate."

Falling into an afternoon doze not long ago, as I rested in the twilight, "I saw a vision in my sleep," so enchanting in all its details that I shall never forget the exquisite impression left on my mind. I had been re-reading that afternoon Plutarch's divine essay "On the Tranquillity of the Mind," and had felt a soothing influence like a dis-

tilled aroma rising up out of its lovely pages. When I came to these words I lingered over them several minutes, half-closing the book: "For as censers, even after they are empty, do for a long time retain their fragrancy, as Carneades expresseth it, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind, and leave a rich scent behind them; so that joy is, as it were, watered with these essences and owes its flourishing to them." Then suddenly I seemed to be listening to the beloved voice of a poet, reading from his manuscript an unprinted piece, which, in the kindness of an old friendship, he had brought to gladden me. I thought when he pronounced these words, —

> "Where are the others? Voices from the deep
> Caverns of darkness answer me, "They sleep!"

I heard in the outer passage a low, subdued symphony played only as a master-hand can call such harmonies into being. The notes rippled on as if caressed into sound by a most loving hand, and although veiled and seemingly remote in space, they were yet clear enough to be distinctly audible throughout the room. Now the music was a

kind of solemn march, intermingled with chants as if from antiphonals, and then it alternated into labyrinthine infinities of joyous, mystical harmony, expressive of rapturous praise and inexhaustible worship. On it seemed to come, —

"As light and wind within some delicate cloud," —

and pause outside the little room where I was sitting. Soon the door swung noiselessly open, and looking up I saw a beautiful procession of well-known forms enter the dimly lighted apartment. The faces were those I had known in years past, and each countenance was radiant with a glow of recognition, as it approached the white-haired poet who sat reading his glowing lines in the twilight. I was about to apprise him of the entrance of so many old and dear friends (shadows although I knew them to be), when one of the figures gave me a sign of warning not to disturb the flow of the poem, intimating with raised forefinger that they had all come to listen. When the last two lines —

"And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day"—

fell from the poet's lips, and he was folding up the manuscript of "Morituri Salutamus," a holy silence seemed to pervade the room. Then the symphony began again, and as it now rose and died away, "a kind of fading rainbow-music on the air," the figures moved forward toward the spot where their old companion was sitting. Each one seemed to bend above him for a moment with infinite tenderness and illumined love, and then to kiss his forehead twice with a kind of rapture. I know not how many voiceless spirits had thus entered the room, for a mist had fallen before my eyes; but I recognized the never-to-be-forgotten forms of H. and D. and S. and A. and T. and K. and F. and M., —

"Through time and change unquenchably the same," —

just as I had seen them come about Hyperion in the old remembered days.

A brand falling on the hearth dispersed the immortal company, — the living and the dead "inheritors of well-fulfilled renown"; and when I descended to the library and told my wife what I

had seen and heard up stairs, she said, with a wise and delighted smile, "This is what comes of living next door to a great artist. I have never heard him play Beethoven and Bach, through the ceiling, more divinely than he has rendered them during the last half-hour. It is a fortune in itself to live in the next house, with thin partitions between, to a master like the Herr Otto D.; for such a neighbor has the power not only to gladden our waking hours, but to bring us the blessed boon of pleasant dreams."

THE PETTIBONE LINEAGE.

THE PETTIBONE LINEAGE.

WE were sitting around the blazing fire one wet winter night, in Crawford's Roman studio, when somebody started the subject of inherited wealth and talent. There were half a dozen artists in the group, and among them the handsome and successful Esek Pettibone. He was an aristocratic-looking youth, better dressed than his companions, and his air was that of a man who had a pedigree behind him that entitled him to hold up his head anywhere. None of us knew exactly the story of his life, but we all thought he belonged to a "fine old family" somewhere in America. After Crawford, who talked remarkably well, had told several anecdotes apro-

pos of the subjects up for comment, he turned to Mr. Pettibone, and asked him to favor the company with a certain little incident in his own life, feeling sure that we should all be interested in the narrative. The elegant young fellow crossed his legs, fondled his mustache in a way that meant willingness, and told the following bit of personal history: —

The name Esek Pettibone, gentlemen, belongs to a remote and pious people, and I wish to affirm in the outset that it is a good thing to be well-born. In thus connecting the mention of my name with a positive statement, I am not unaware that a catastrophe lies coiled up in the juxtaposition. But I cannot help saying plainly that I am still in favor of a distinguished family-tree. ESTO PERPETUA! To have had somebody for a great-grandfather that *was* somebody is exciting. To be able to look back on long lines of ancestry that were rich, but respectable, seems decorous and all right. The present Earl of Warwick, I think, must have an idea that strict justice has been

done *him* in the way of being launched properly into the world. I saw the Duke of Newcastle once, and, as the farmer in Conway described Mount Washington, I thought the Duke felt a propensity to "hunch up some." Somehow it is pleasant to look *down* on the crowd and have a conscious right to do so.

Left an orphan at the tender age of four years, having no brothers or sisters to prop me round with young affections and sympathies, I fell into three pairs of hands, excellent in their way, but peculiar. Patience, Eunice, and Mary Ann Pettibone were my aunts on my father's side. All my mother's relations kept shady when the lonely orphan looked about for protection; but Patience Pettibone, in her stately way, said: "The boy belongs to a good family, and he shall never want while his three aunts can support him." So I went to live with my plain but benignant protectors, in the State of New Hampshire.

During my boyhood, the best-drilled lesson that fell to my keeping was this: "Respect yourself. We come of more than ordinary parentage. Su-

perior blood was probably concerned in getting up the Pettibones. Hold your head erect, and some day you shall have proof of your high lineage."

I remember once, on being told that I must not share my juvenile sports with the butcher's three little beings, I begged to know why not. Aunt Eunice looked at Patience, and Mary Ann knew what she meant.

"My child," slowly murmured the eldest sister, "our family no doubt came of a very old stock; perhaps we belong to the nobility. Our ancestors, it is thought, came over laden with honors, and no doubt were embarrassed with riches, though the latter importation has dwindled in the lapse of years. Respect yourself, and when you grow up you will not regret that your old and careful aunt did not wish you to play with butchers' offspring."

I felt mortified that I had ever had a desire to "knuckle up" with any but kings' sons or sultans' little boys. I longed to be among my equals in the urchin line, and fly my kite with only high-born youngsters.

Thus I lived in a constant scene of self-enchant-

ment on the part of the sisters, who assumed all the port and feeling that properly belong to ladies of quality. Patrimonial splendor to come danced before their dim eyes; and handsome settlements, gay equipages, and a general grandeur of some sort loomed up in the future for the American branch of the House of Pettibone.

It was a life of opulent self-delusion, which my aunts were never tired of nursing; and I was too young to doubt the reality of it. All the members of our little household held up their heads, as if each said, in so many words, "There is no original sin in *our* composition, whatever of that commodity there may be mixed up with the common clay of Snowborough."

Aunt Patience was a star, and dwelt apart. Aunt Eunice looked at her through a determined pair of spectacles, and worshipped while she gazed. The youngest sister lived in a dreamy state of honors to come, and had constant zoölogical visions of lions, griffins, and unicorns, drawn and quartered in every possible style known to the Heralds' College. The Reverend Hebrew Ballet,

who used to drop in quite often and drink several compulsory glasses of home-made wine, encouraged his three parishioners in their aristocratic notions, and extolled them for what he called their "stooping down to every-day life." He differed with the ladies of our house only on one point. He contended that the unicorn of the Bible and the rhinoceros of to-day were one and the same animal. My aunts held a different opinion.

In the sleeping-room of my Aunt Patience reposed a trunk. Often during my childish years I longed to lift the lid, and spy among its contents the treasures my young fancy conjured up as lying there in state. I dared not ask to have the cover raised for my gratification, as I had often been told I was "too little" to estimate aright what that armorial box contained. "When you grow up, you shall see the inside of it," Aunt Mary Ann used to say to me; and so I wondered and wished, but all in vain. I must have the virtue of *years*, before I could view the treasures of past magnificence, so long entombed in that wooden sarcopha-

gus. Once I saw the faded sisters bending over the trunk together, and, as I thought, embalming something in camphor. Curiosity impelled me to linger, but, under some pretext, I was nodded out of the room.

Although my kinswomen's means were far from ample, they determined that Swiftmouth College should have the distinction of calling me one of her sons, and accordingly I was in due time sent for preparation to a neighboring academy. Years of study and hard fare in country boarding-houses told upon my self-importance as the descendant of a great Englishman, notwithstanding all my letters from the honored three came freighted with counsel to "respect myself, and keep up the dignity of the family." Growing-up man forgets good counsel. The Arcadia of respectability is apt to give place to the levity of football, and other low-toned accomplishments. The book of life, at that period, opens readily at fun and frolic, and the insignia of greatness give the school-boy no envious pangs.

I was nineteen when I entered the hoary halls

of Swiftmouth. I call them hoary, because they had been built more than fifty years. To me they seemed uncommonly hoary, and I snuffed antiquity in the dusty purlieus. I now began to study in good earnest the wisdom of the past. I saw clearly the value of dead men and mouldy precepts, especially if the former had been entombed a thousand years, and if the latter were well done in sounding Greek and Latin. I began to reverence royal lines of deceased monarchs, and longed to connect my own name, now growing into college popularity, with some far-off mighty one who had ruled in pomp and luxury his obsequious people. The trunk in Snowborough troubled my dreams. In that receptacle still slept the proof of our family distinction. "I will go," said I, "to the home of my aunts the next vacation, and there learn *how* we became mighty, and discover precisely why we don't practise to-day our inherited claims to glory."

I went to Snowborough. Aunt Patience was now anxious to lay before her eager nephew the proof he burned to behold. But first she must

explain. All the old family documents and letters were, no doubt, destroyed in the great fire of '98, as nothing in the shape of parchment or paper implying nobility had ever been discovered in Snowborough, or elsewhere. *But* — there had been preserved, for many years, a suit of imperial clothes, that had been worn by their great-grandfather in England, and, no doubt, in the New World also. These garments had been carefully watched and guarded; for were they not the proof that their owner belonged to a station in life, second, if second at all, to the royal court of King George himself? Precious casket, into which I was soon to have the privilege of gazing! Through how many long years these fond, foolish virgins had lighted their unflickering lamps of expectation and hope at this cherished shrine!

I was now on my way to the family repository of all our greatness. I went up stairs "on the jump." We all knelt down before the well-preserved box; and my proud Aunt Patience, in a somewhat reverent manner, turned the key. My heart, — I am not ashamed to confess it now,

although it is several years since the *partie carrée*, in search of family honors, were on their knees that summer afternoon in Snowborough, — my heart beat high. I was about to look on that which might be a duke's or an earl's regalia. And I was descended from the owner in a direct line! I had lately been reading Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus"; and I remembered, there before the trunk, the lines, —

> "O sacred receptacle of my joys,
> Sweet cell of virtue and nobility!"

The lid went up, and the sisters began to unroll the precious garments, which seemed all enshrined in aromatic gums and spices. The odor of that interior lives with me to this day; and I grow faint with the memory of that hour. With pious precision the clothes were uncovered, and at last the whole suit was laid before my expectant eyes.

Whatever dreadful shock may be in reserve for my declining years, I am certain I can bear it; for I went through that scene at Snowborough, and still live!

When the garments were fully displayed, all the aunts looked at me. I had been to college; I had studied Burke's "Peerage"; I had been once to New York. Perhaps I could immediately name the exact station in noble British life to which that suit of clothes belonged. I could; I saw it all at a glance. I grew flustered and pale. I dared not look my poor deluded female relatives in the face.

"What rank in the peerage do these gold-laced garments and big buttons betoken?" cried all three.

"*It is a suit of servant's livery!*" gasped I, and fell back with a shudder.

That evening, after the sun had gone down, we buried those hateful garments in a ditch at the bottom of the garden. Rest there, perturbed body-coat, yellow breeches, brown gaiters, and all!

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

GETTING HOME AGAIN.

GETTING HOME AGAIN.

A REVERIE.

IT is a good thing, said an aged Chinese Travelling Philosopher, for every man, sooner or later, to get back again to his own teacup. And Oo Long was right. Travel may be "the conversion of money into mind," — and happy the man who has turned much coin into that precious commodity, — but it is a good thing, after being tossed about the world from the Battery to Africa, — that dry-nurse of lions, as Horace calls her, — to anchor once more beside the old familiar tea-urn on the old familiar tea-table. This is the only "steamy column" worth hailing with a glad welcome after long absence from home,

and fully entitled to be heartily applauded for its "loud-hissing" propensities.

I am not a Marco Polo or a William de Rubruquis, and I have no wonders to tell of the Great Mogul or the Great Cham. I did not sail for Messrs. Pride, Pomp, Circumstance, and Company; consequently, I have no great exploits to recount. I have been wrecked at sea only once in my many voyages, and, so far as I know my tastes, do not care to solicit aid again to be thrown into the same awkward situation. But for a time I have been

"Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

and now I am among my own teacups. This is happiness enough for a cold winter's night. Mid-ocean, and mid teacups! Stupendous change, let me tell you, worthy friend, who never yet set sail where sharks and other strange sea-cattle bob their noses above the brine, — who never lived forty days in the bowels of a ship, unable to hold your head up to the captain's bluff "good-morning" or the steward's cheery "good-night." Sir Philip Sidney discourses of a riding-master he

encountered in Vienna, who spoke so eloquently of the noble animal he had to deal with, that he almost persuaded Sir Philip to wish himself a horse. I have known ancient mariners expatiate so lovingly on the frantic enjoyments of the deep sea, that very youthful listeners have for the time resolved to know no other existence. If the author of the "Arcadia" had been permitted to become a prancing steed, he might, after the first exhilarating canter, have lamented his equine state. How many a first voyage, begun in hilarious impatience, has caused a bitter repentance! The sea is an overrated element, and I have nothing to say in its favor. Because I am out of its uneasy lap to-night, I almost resemble in felicity Richter's *Walt*, who felt himself so happy, that he was transported to the third heaven, and held the other two in his hand that he might give them away. To-morrow morning I shall not hear that swashing, scaring sound directly overhead on the wet deck, which has so often murdered slumber. Delectable sensation that I do not care a rope's-end "how many knots" I am going, and that

my ears are so far away from that eternal "Ay, ay, sir!" "The whales," says old Chapman, speaking of Neptune, "exulted under him, and knew their mighty king." Let them exult, say I, and be blowed, and all due honor to their salt sovereign! but of their personal acquaintance I am not ambitious. I have met them now and then in the sixty thousand miles of their watery playing-places I have passed over, and they are not pretty to look at. Roll on, — and so will I, for the present, at least, as far out of *your* reach as possible.

Yes, wise denizen of the Celestial Empire, it is a good, nay, a great thing, to return even to so small a home-object as an old teacup. As I lift the bright brim to my lips, I repeat it. As I pour out my second, my third, and my fourth, I say it again. Oo Long was right!

And now, as the rest of the household have all gone up bed-ward, and left me with their good-night tones,

"Like flowers' voices, if they could but speak,"

I dip my pen into the cocked hat of the brave little

bronze warrior who has fed us all so many years with ink from the place where his brains ought to be. Pausing before I proceed to paper, I look around on our household gods. The coal bursts into crackling fits of merriment, as I thrust the poker between the iron ribs of the grate. It seems to say, in the most persuasive audible manner of which it is capable, "O, go no more a-roaming, a-roaming, across the windy sea!" How odd it seems to be sitting here again, listening to the old clock out there in the entry! Often I seemed to hear it during the months that have flown away, when I knew that "our ancient" was standing sentinel for Time in another hemisphere. One night, dark and stormy on the Mediterranean, as I lay wakeful and watchful in the little steamer that was bearing us painfully on through the noisy tempest towards St. Peter's and the Colosseum, suddenly, above the tumult of the voyage, this household monitor began audibly and regularly, I thought, to mark the seconds. Then it must have been only fancy. Now it is something more, and I know that our

mahogany friend is really wagging his brassy beard just outside the door. I remember now, as I lay listening that rough night at sea, how Milton's magic-sounding line came to me beating a sad melody with the old clock's imagined tramp, —

"The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint."

Let the waves bark to-night far out on "the desolate, rainy seas," — the old clock is all right in our entry!

Landed, and all safe at last! my much-abused, lock-broken, unhinged portmanteau unpacked and laid ignobly to rest under the household eaves! Stay a moment, — let me pitch this inky passport into the fire. How it writhes and grows black in the face! And now it will trouble its owner no more forever. It was a foolish, extravagant companion, and I am glad to be rid of it. One little blazing fragment lifts itself out of the flame, and I can trace on the smouldering relic the stamp of Austria. Go back again into the grate, and perish with the rest, dark blot!

I look around this quiet apartment, and won-

der if it be all true, this getting home again. I stir the fire once more to assure myself that I am not somewhere else, — that the street outside my window is not known as Jermyn Street in the Haymarket, or the Via Babuino near the Pincio, or Princes Street, near the Monument. How can I determine that I am not dreaming, and that I shall not wake up to-morrow morning and find myself on the Arno? Perhaps I am *not* really back again where there are no

> "Eremites and friars,
> White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery."

Perhaps I am a flamingo, a banyan-tree, or a mandarin. But there stands the teacup, and identity is sure!

Here at last, then, for a live certainty! But how strange it all seems, resting safely in easy slippers, to recall some of the far-off scenes so lately present to me! Yesterday was it, or a few weeks ago, that this "excellent canopy," this modest roof, dwelt three thousand miles away to the westward of me? At this moment stowed away in a snuggery called my own; and then — how brief

a period it seems! what a small parenthesis in time! — putting another man's latch-key into another man's door, night after night, in a London fog, and feeling for the unfamiliar aperture with all the sensation of an innocent housebreaker! Muffled here in the oldest of dressing-gowns, that never lifted its arms ten rods from the spot where it was born; and only a few weeks ago lolling out of C. R.'s college-window at Oxford, counting the deer, as they nibbled the grass, and grouped themselves into beautiful pictures on the sward of ancient Magdalen!

As I look into the red fire in the grate, I think of the scarlet coats flashing not long ago in Stratford, when E. F., kindest of men and merriest of hosts took us all to the "meet." I gaze round the field again, and enjoy the enlivening scene. White-haired and tall, our kind-hearted friend walks his glossy mare up and down the turf. His stalwart sons, with sport imbrowned, proud of their sire, call attention to the sparkle in the old man's eye. I am mounted on a fiery little animal, and am half-frightened at the

thought of what she may do with me when the chase is high. Confident that a roll is inevitable, and that, with a dislocated neck, enjoyment would be out of the question, I pull bridle, and carefully dismount, hoping not to attract attention. Whereat all my English cousins beg to inquire, "What 's the row?" I whisper to the red-coated brave prancing near me, that "I have changed my mind, and will not follow the hunt to-day, — another time I shall be most happy, — just now I am not quite up to the mark, — next week I shall be all right again," etc. One of the lithe hounds, who seems to have steel springs in his hind legs, looks contemptuously at the American stranger, and turns up his long nose like a moral insinuation. Off they fly! I watch the beautiful cavalcade bound over the brook, and sweep away into the woodland passes. Then I saunter down by the Avon, and dream away the daylight in endless visions of long ago, when sweet Will and his merry comrades moved about these pleasant haunts. Returning to the hall, I find I have walked ten miles over the breezy country,

and knew it not, — so pleasant is the fragrant turf that has been often pressed by the feet of Nature's best-beloved child. Round the mahogany tree that night I hearken as the hunters tell the glories of their sport, — how their horses, like Homer's steeds,

"Devoured up the plain";

and I can hear now, in imagination, the voices of the deep-mouthed hounds rising and swelling among the Warwick glens.

Neither can I forget, as I sit musing here, whose green English carpet, down in Kent, I so lately rested on under the trees, — nor how I wandered off with the lord of that hospitable manor to an old castle hard by his grounds, and climbed with him to the turret-tops, — nor how I heard him repeople in fancy the aged ruin, as we leaned over the wall together and looked into the desolate courtyard below.

Let me bear in mind, too, how happily the hours went by me so recently in the vine-embowered cottage of dear L. H., the beautiful old man with silver hair, —

"As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak."

The sound of the poet's voice was like the musical fall of water in my ears, and every sentence he uttered then is still a melody. As I sit dreamily here, he speaks again of "life's morning march, when his bosom was young," and of his later years, when his struggles were many and keen, and only his pen was the lever which rolled poverty away from his door. I can hear him, as I pause over this leaf, as I listened to the old clock that night at sea. He tells me of his cherished companions, now all gone, — of Shelley, and Keats, and Charles Lamb, whom he loved, — of Byron, and Coleridge, and the rest. As I sit at his little table, he hands me a manuscript, and says it is the "Endymion," John Keats's gift to himself. He reads from it some of his favorite lines, and the tones of his voice are very tender over his dead friend's poem. As I pass out of his door that evening, the moon falls on his white locks, his thin hand rests for a moment on my shoulder, and I hear him say very kindly, "God

bless you!" And when, a few months later, I am among the Alpine hills, and word comes to me that L. H. is laid to rest in Kensal Green Churchyard, I am grateful to have looked upon his cheerful countenance, and to have heard him say those sacred last words.

Gayest of cities, bright Bois de Boulogne, and splendid *cafés!* I do not much affect your shows, but cannot dismiss forever the cheerful little room, cloud-environed almost, up to which I have so often toiled, after days of hard walking among the gaudy streets of the French capital. One pleasant scene, at least, rises unbidden, as I recall the past. It is a brisk, healthy morning, and I walk in the direction of the Tuileries. Bending my steps toward the palace (it is yet early, and few loiterers are abroad in the leafy avenues), I observe a group of three persons, not at all distinguished in their appearance, having a roistering good time in the Imperial Garden. One of them is a little boy, with a chubby, laughing face, who shouts loudly to his father, a grave, thoughtful gentleman, who

runs backwards, endeavoring to out-race his child. The mother, a fair-haired woman, with her bonnet half loose in the wind, strives to attract the boy's attention and win him to her side. They all run and leap in the merry morning air, and, as I watch them more nearly, I know them to be the royal family out larking before Paris is astir. They have hung up a picture in my gallery of memory, very pleasant to look at, this cold night in America. Alas! they were not always so happy as when they romped together in the garden!

The days that are fled still knock at the door and enter. I am walking on the banks of the Esk, toward a friendly dwelling in Lasswade, — *Mavis Bush* they call the pretty place at the foot of the hill. A slight figure, clad in black, waits for me at the garden-gate, and bids me welcome in accents so kindly, that I, too, feel the magic influence of his low, sweet voice, — an effect which Wordsworth described to me, years before, as eloquence set to music. The face of my host is very pale, and, when he puts his thin arm within mine, I feel how frail a body may con-

tain a spirit of fire. I go into his modest abode and listen to his wonderful talk, wishing all the while that the hours were months, that I might linger there, spellbound, day and night, before the master. He proposes a ramble across the meadows to Roslin Chapel, and on the way he discourses of the fascinating drug so painfully associated with his name in literature, — of Christopher North, in whose companionship he delighted among the Lakes, — of Elia, whom he recalled as the most lovable man among his friends, and whom he has well described elsewhere as a Diogenes with the heart of a Saint John. In the dark evening he insists upon sitting out with me on my return to Edinburgh. When it grows late, and the mists are heavy on the mountains, we stand together, clasping hands of farewell in the dim road, the cold Scotch hills looming up all about us. As the small figure of the English Opium-Eater glides away into the midnight distance, my eyes strain after him to catch one more glimpse. The Esk roars, and I hear his footsteps no longer.

The scene changes, as the clock strikes in the entry. I am lingering in the piazza of the Winged Lion, and the bronze giants in their turret overlooking the square raise their hammers and beat the solemn march of Time. As I float away through the watery streets, old Shylock shuffles across the bridge, black barges glide by me in the silent canals, groups of unfamiliar faces lean from the balconies, and I hear the plashing waters lap the crumbling walls of Venice, with its dead doges and decaying palaces.

Again I stir the fire, and feel it is home all about me. But I like to sit longer and think of that rosy evening last summer, when, walking into Interlachen, I beheld the ghost-like figure of the Jungfrau issuing out of her cloudy palace to welcome the stars, — of a cool, bright, autumnal morning on the western battlements overlooking Genoa, the blue Mediterranean below mirroring the silent fleet that lay so motionless on its bosom, — of a midnight visit to the Colosseum with a band of German students, who bore torches

in and out of the time-worn arches, and sang their echoing songs to the full moon, — of days, how many and how magical! when I awoke every morning to say, "We are in Rome!"

But it grows late, and it is time now to give over these reflections. Let me wind up my watch, and put out the candle.

HOW TO ROUGH IT.

HOW TO ROUGH IT.

"LIFE has few things better than this," said Dr. Johnson, on feeling himself settled in a coach, and rolling along the road. I cannot agree with the great man. Times have changed since the Doctor and Mr. Boswell travelled for pleasure; and I much prefer an expedition to Moosehead, or a tramp in the Adirondack, to being boxed up in a four-wheeled ark and made "comfortable," according to the Doctor's idea of felicity.

Francis Galton, Explorer, and Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, has lately done the world a benefit by teaching its children how to travel. Few persons know the important secrets

of how to walk, how to run, how to ride, how to cook, how to defend, how to ford rivers, how to make rafts, how to fish, how to hunt, in short, how to do the essential things that every traveller, soldier, sportsman, emigrant, and missionary should be conversant with. The world is full of deserts, prairies, bushes, jungles, swamps, rivers, and oceans. How to "get round" the dangers of the land and the sea in the best possible way, how to shift and contrive so as to come out safely, are secrets well worth knowing, and Mr. Galton has found the key. In this brief paper I shall frequently avail myself of the information he imparts, confident that in these days his wise directions are better than fine gold to a man who is obliged to rough it over the world, no matter where his feet may wander, his horse may travel, or his boat may sail.

Wherewithal shall a man be clothed? Let us begin at the beginning with flannel always. Experience has settled that flannel next the skin is indispensable for health to a traveller, and the sick and dead lists always include largely the

names of those who neglect this material. Cotton stands Number Two on the list, and linen nowhere. Only last summer careless Tom Bowers achieved his *quietus* for the season by getting hot and wet and cold in one of his splendid Paris linen shirts, and now he wears calico ones whenever he wishes to "appear proper" at Nahant or Newport.

"The hotter the ground the thicker your socks," was the advice of an old traveller who once went a thirty-days' tramp at my side through the Alp country in summer. I have seen many a city bumpkin start for a White Mountain walk in the thinnest of cotton foot-coverings, but I never knew one to try them a second time.

Stout shoes are preferable to boots always, and a wise traveller never omits to grease well his leather before and during his journey. Do not forget to put a pair of old slippers into your knapsack. After a hard day's toil, they are like magic, under foot. Let me remind the traveller whose feet are tender at starting that a capital remedy for blistered feet is to rub them at night with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a candle.

An old friend of mine thought it a good plan to soap the inside of the stocking before setting out, and I have seen him break a raw egg into his shoes before putting them on, saying it softened the leather and made him "perfect" for the day.

Touching coat, waistcoat, and trousers, there can be but one choice. Coarse tweed does the best business on a small capital. Cheap and strong, I have always found it the most "paying" article in my travelling-wardrobe. Avoid that tailor-hem so common at the bottom of your pantaloons which retains water and does no good to anybody. Waistcoats would be counted as superfluous, were it not for the convenience of the pockets they carry. Take along an old dressing-gown, if you want solid comfort in camp or elsewhere after sunset.

Gordon Cumming recommends a wide-awake hat, and he is good authority on that head. A man "*clothed* in his right mind" is a noble object; but six persons out of every ten who start on a journey wear the wrong apparel. The writer of these pages has seen four individuals at once standing

up to their middles in a trout-stream, all adorned with black silk tiles, newly imported from the Rue St. Honoré. It was a sight to make Daniel Boone and Izaak Walton smile in their celestial abodes.

A light waterproof outside-coat and a thick pea-jacket are a proper span for a roving trip. Do not forget that a couple of good blankets also go a long way toward a traveller's paradise.

I will not presume that an immortal being at this stage of the nineteenth century would make the mistake, when he had occasion to tuck up his shirt-sleeves, of turning them outwards, so that every five minutes they would be tumbling down with a crash of anathemas from the wearer. The supposition that any sane son of Adam would tuck up his sleeves inside out involves a suspicion, to say the least, that his wits had been overrated by a doting parent.

"Grease and dirt are the savage's wearing-apparel," says the Swedish proverb. No comment is necessary in speaking with a Christian on this point, for cold water is one of civilization's closest allies. Avoid the bath, and the genius of disease

and crime stalks in. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," remember.

In packing your knapsack, keep in mind that sixteen or twenty pounds are weight enough, till, by practice, you can get pluck and energy into your back to increase that amount.

Roughing it has various meanings, and the phrase is oftentimes ludicrously mistaken by many individuals. A friend with whom I once travelled thought he was roughing it daily for the space of three weeks, because he was obliged to lunch on *cold* chicken and *un-iced* Champagne, and when it rained he was forced to seek shelter inside very inelegant hotels on the road. To rough it, in the best sense of that term, is to lie down every night with the ground for a mattress, a bundle of fagots for a pillow, and the stars for a coverlet. To sleep in a tent is semi-luxury, and tainted with too much effeminacy to suit the ardor of a first-rate "Rough." Parkyns, Taylor, Cumming, Fremont, and Kane have told us how much superior are two trunks of trees, rolled together for a bed, under the open sky, to that soft, heating appara-

tus called a bed in the best chamber. Every man to his taste, of course, but there come occasions in life when a man must look about him and arrange for himself, *somehow*. The traveller who has never slept in the woods has missed an enjoyable sensation. A clump of trees makes a fine leafy post-bedstead, and to awake in the morning amid a grove of sheltering, nodding oaks is lung-inspiring. It was the good thought of a wanderer to say, "The forest is the poor man's jacket." Napoleon had a high opinion of the bivouac style of life, and on the score of health gave it the preference over tent-sleeping. Free circulation is a great blessing, albeit I think its eulogy rather strongly expressed by the Walden-Pondit, when he says, "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion-train, and breathe a *malaria* all the way." The only objection to out-door slumber is dampness; but it is easy to protect one's self in wet weather from the unhealthy ground by boughs or india-rubber blankets.

One of the great precautions requisite for a tramp is to provide against thirst. Want of water overtakes the traveller sometimes in the most annoying manner, and it is well to know how to fight off the dry fiend. Sir James Alexander cautions all who rough it to drink well before starting in the morning, and drink nothing all day till the halt, — and to keep the lips shut as much as possible. Another good authority recommends a pebble or leaf to be held in the mouth. Habit, however, does much in this case as in every other, and I have known a man, who had been accustomed at home to drink four tumblers of water at every meal, by force of will bring his necessity down to a pint of liquid per day during a long tramp through the forest. One of the many excellent things which Plutarch tells of Socrates is this noteworthy incident of his power of abstinence. He says, whenever Socrates returned from any exercise, though he might be extremely dry, he refrained nevertheless from drinking till he had thrown away the first bucket of water he had drawn, that he might exercise himself to patience,

and accustom his appetite to wait the leisure of reason.

From water to fire is a natural transition. How to get a blaze just when you want it puzzles the will hugely sometimes. Every traveller should provide himself with a good handy steel, proper flint, and unfailing tinder, because lucifers are liable to many accidents. Pliny recommended the wood of mulberry, bay-laurel, and ivy, as good material to be rubbed together in order to procure a fire; but Pliny is behind the times, and must not be trusted to make rules for "our boys." Of course no one would omit to take lucifers on a tramp; but steel, flint, and tinder are three warm friends that in an emergency will always come up to the strike.

To find firewood is a knack, and it ought to be well cultivated. Do not despise bits of dry moss, fine grass, and slips of bark, if you come across them. Twenty fires are failures in the open air for one that succeeds, unless the operator knows his business. A novice will use matches, wood, wind, time, and violent language enough to burn

down a city, and never get any satisfaction out of all the expenditure; while a knowing hand will, out of the stump of an old, half-rotten tree, bring you such magnificent, permanent heat, that your heart and your teakettle will sing together for joy over it. In making a fire, depend upon it, there is something more than *luck*, — there is always talent in it. I once saw Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer's father) build up a towering blaze in a woody nook out of just nothing but what he scraped up from the ground, and his rare ability. You remember Mr. Opie the painter's answer to a student who asked him what he mixed his colors with. "Brains, sir," was the artist's prompt, gruff, and right reply. It takes brains to make a fire in a rainy night out in the woods; but it can be done, — if you only know how to begin. I have seen a hearth made of logs on a deep snow sending out a cheerful glow, while the rain dripped and froze all about the merry party assembled.

A traveller ought to be a good swimmer. There are plenty of watery crossings to be got over, and

often there are no means at hand but what Nature has provided in legs and arms. But one of the easiest things in the world to make is a raft. Inflatable india-rubber boats also are now used in every climate, and a full-sized one weighs only forty pounds. General Fremont and Dr. Livingstone have tested their excellent qualities, and commend them as capable of standing a wonderful amount of wear and tear. But a boat can be made out of almost anything, if one have the skill to put it together. A party of sailors whose boat had been stolen put out to sea and were eighteen hours afloat in a crazy craft made out of a large basket woven with boughs such as they could pick up, and covered with their canvas tent, the inside being plastered with clay to keep out as much of the water as possible.

In fording streams, it is well, if the water be deep and swift, to carry heavy stones in the hands, in order to resist being borne away by the current. Fords should not be deeper than three feet for men, or four feet for horses.

Among the small conveniences, a good strong

pocket-knife, a small "hard chisel," and a file should not be forgotten. A great deal of real work can be done with very few tools. One of Colt's rifles is a companion which should be specially cared for, and a waterproof cover should always be taken to protect the lock during showers. There is one rule among hunters which ought always to be remembered, namely, "Look at the gun, but never let the gun look at you, or at your companions." Travellers are always more or less exposed to the careless handling of firearms, and numerous accidents occur by carrying the piece with the cock down on the nipple. Three fourths of all the gun accidents are owing to this cause; for a blow on the back of the cock is almost sure to explode the cap, while a gun at half-cock is comparatively safe.

Do not carry too many eatables on your expeditions. Dr. Kane says his party learned to modify and reduce their travelling-gear, and found that in direct proportion to its simplicity and to their apparent privation of articles of supposed necessity were their actual comfort and practical efficiency.

Step by step, so long as their Arctic service continued, they went on reducing their sledging-outfit, until at last they came to the Esquimaux ultimatum of simplicity, — *raw meat and a fur bag.* Salt and pepper are needful condiments. Nearly all the rest are out of place on a roughing expedition. Among the most portable kinds of solid food are pemmican, jerked meat, wheat flour, barley, peas, cheese, and biscuit. Salt meat is a disappointing dish, and apt to be sadly uncertain. Somebody once said that water had tasted of sinners ever since the flood, and salted meat sometimes has a taint full as vivid. Twenty-eight ounces of real nutriment per diem for a man in rough work as a traveller will be all that he requires; if he perform severe tramping, thirty ounces.

The French say, *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat,* and I have always found on a tramping expedition nothing so life-restoring after fatigue and hunger as the portable soup now so easily obtained at places where prepared food is put up for travellers' uses. Spirituous liquors are no

help in roughing it. On the contrary, they invite sunstroke and various other unpleasant visitors incident to the life of a traveller. Habitual brandy-drinkers give out sooner than cold-water men, and I have seen fainting red noses by the score succumb to the weather, when boys addicted to water would crow like chanticleer through a long storm of sleet and snow on the freezing Alps.

It is not well to lose your way; but in case this unpleasant luck befall you, set *systematically* to work to find it. Throw terror to the idiots who always flutter and flounder, and so go wrong inevitably. Galton the Plucky says, — and he has as much cool wisdom to impart as a traveller needs, — when you make the unlively discovery that you are lost, ask yourself the three following questions: —

1. What is the least distance that I can with certainty specify, within which the path, the river, the seashore, etc., that I wish to regain, may lie?

2. What is the direction, in a vague, general way, in which the path or river runs, or the seacoast tends?

3. When I last left the path, etc., did I turn to the left or to the right?

As regards the first, calculate deliberately how long you have been riding or walking, and at what pace, since you left your party; subtract for stoppages and well-recollected zigzags; allow a mile and a half per hour as the pace when you have been loitering on foot, and three and a half when you have been walking fast. Occasional running makes an almost inappreciable difference. A man is always much nearer the lost path than he is inclined to fear.

As regards the second, if you recollect the third, and also know the course of the path within eight points of the compass (or one fourth of the whole horizon), it is a great gain; or even if you know your direction within twelve points, or one third of the whole horizon, that knowledge is worth something. Do not hurry, if you get bewildered. Stop and think. Then arrange matters, and you are safe. When Napoleon was once caught in a fog, while riding with his staff across a shallow arm of the Gulf of Suez, he *thought*, as usual.

His way was utterly lost, and going forward he found himself in deeper water. So he ordered his staff to ride from him in radiating lines in all directions, and such of them as should find shallow water to shout out. If Napoleon had been alone on that occasion, he would have set his five wits to the task of finding the right way, and he would have found it.

Finally, cheerfulness in large doses is the best medicine one can take along in his outdoor tramps. I once had the good luck to hear old Christopher North try his lungs in the open air in Scotland. Such laughter and such hill-shaking merry-heartedness I may never listen to again among the Lochs, but the lesson of the hour (how it rained that black night!) is stamped for life upon my remembrance. "Clap your back against the cliff," he shouted, "and never mind the deluge!" Christopher sleeps now under the turf he trod with such a gallant bearing, but few mortals know how to rough it like him!

AN OLD-TIME SCHOLAR.

AN OLD-TIME SCHOLAR.

ONE winter day, many years ago, as I was wandering among the narrow and least interesting streets of Rome, I heard the drowsy voice of a man oozing faintly out of a mean-looking, half-closed apartment, which I happened at the time to be passing. Listening for a moment, I discovered that I was in the vicinity of a small public book-sale, and, lifting the battered latch, stepped from the sidewalk at once into the squalid room. The scene which met my eye it is impossible to forget. The apartment was diminutive, ill-furnished, and filled with that unwholesome odor of sour dust which comes profusely into unaired premises after continued occu-

pancy. At the upper end of a long, bare, rough table reclined on his elbows the crumbling, half-starved figure of an auctioneer, a man in his last gradations of poverty and age. Around his bony neck was twisted a gray, untidy wad of something woollen, to keep off the damp air of the building, and his voice rasped out occasionally, with a husky chill, from the shabby enclosure coiled about his windpipe. Down both sides of the table, on stools worn by a century of bidders, sat a row of bare-footed monks, each clad in his peculiar dress. Most of the brothers were sad-eyed old men, but I noticed here and there among them a younger mendicant, evidently preparing himself, by various privations, to become in time as hopeless-looking as his more aged companions. They all held large snuff-boxes in their dingy fingers, from which they partook frequently of the titillating dust. Each one consulted occasionally a poorly printed catalogue of the works then being offered by the slow-croaking auctioneer. All told, the company assembled consisted of not over twenty persons, and every form among the buyers, save one, wore the

conventual garb of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Only the dull, hoarse buzz of the auctioneer stirred the silence of that sleepy scene, except when the name of a purchaser was droned out to match the seller's wheezy voice. I counted at one time four nodding heads, not to be reckoned among the bidders. The somnolent atmosphere was too much for them, and they had no part or lot in the purchases; they were far away among the poppies in dreamland.

The only man without a cowl whom I noticed that day, sitting side by side with Capuchin and Carmelite, though *among* them, was not *of* them. Now and then he glanced slowly and thoughtfully up and down the table, scanning the leaden features of his strange associates with a deep and sorrowful meaning. His own countenance was pale with disease and suffering. A respirator, which he had taken off on entering the room, lay beside him, and his frequent cough betrayed the subtle destroyer's rapid advance on the worn-out body. At intervals the monks slyly nudged each other, and whispered furtively together, while

the wan stranger, so strikingly in contrast with the rest of the company, was examining his catalogue. When he looked up from the uninteresting pages the monks became silent again, and unobservant as statues. They were, from habit, consummate masters of dissimulation; and *Theodore Parker* never knew how closely he had been watched by that sinister group in the dark old Roman auction-room.

Mr. Parker was evidently waiting for some special book to be put up, — something he was anxious to possess and read, perhaps, before he died; so I stayed to see what he might be in pursuit of, and the auctioneer was not long in coming to it. It proved to be a fat little quarto of the year 1637, printed in Latin and clad in wrinkled parchment, containing the letters of that famous old scholar, Isaac Casaubon. The battered volume was mildly started at two pauls by an obese and not over-cleanly "father," gradually rose to four, and fell at last into the Yankee parson's possession for twice that sum, — a bargain unusual and most gratifying to the purchaser, who bore it

off to the top of the Pincian Hill, where we sat down together in a sheltered corner, and pored the treasure over until it was time to go home. From that day, through Parker's enthusiasm, the name of *Casaubon* has had especial interest for me; and I have followed more than once, with increasing pleasure, his student career, from his boyhood in Geneva to his death in England. His "mental strength and sap," his enthusiasm for learning, his renunciation of ease, society, health even, for a life of profound and earnest pursuit after knowledge, combine to make his biography an example to all scholars, and an intrinsic addition to the world's best reading. He was not a man of genius; he was a man of perseverance, — a devotee of erudition. If ever a student lived who was inflamed with the ardor of self-education, who "scorned delights and lived laborious days," who prostrated himself before the shrine of intellectual acquirement, and made Wisdom a worship from his youth up, that scholar was Isaac Casaubon, who "toiled and wrought and fought" for the bettering of his mind in those dark, inhospita-

ble days of the sixteenth century. Believing that the disease of the age in which he lived was a hatred of truth, he resolved with Protestant fervor, so far as he was able, to correct the errata of his recreant time. Although he only partially succeeded, he accomplished brave and lasting work enough for one man's possibilities in an evil era, — an era hung round with clouds and thick darkness.

I know not why it is that I feel so warm a personal interest in people who lived far back in those dim years; but I find myself not infrequently caring greatly about that hunted Casaubon family, who, flying for their lives from Gascony, just escaping in season to avoid the blazing fagot of a persecuting mob, arrived in Geneva about the year 1556. I follow with eager concern the brave-hearted refugees into the Valley of Dauphiné, the undaunted Huguenot minister breaking the perilous bread of life to his exiled flock amid the hazards of religious controversy and extermination.

Pretty soon my regard for that banished house-

hold centres in the young lad whose health is becoming endangered by constant and unresting study. His struggles through dismal years of calamity and Jesuitical defamation; his want of books, and the opportunity in various other ways of acquiring the knowledge he so longed to possess; the cruel injuries of fanatical and ferocious critics, — all render his career one of the most absorbing in the annals of heroic scholarship. No student was ever more persistently pinched by narrow means than he, and no man ever accomplished more steady work with so few helps. Recondite learning was his passion, but there were few classical treasures open to him in those hopeless days. Text-books he had none, and being too deep down in poverty, during his youth, to own the works so necessary to the labor he set himself to accomplish, he *borrowed* his tools up and down the German cities with a pertinacity altogether marvellous. Once when a stingy book-owner declined to lend him a volume he sorely needed for reference, he kept on asking, and fairly won the treatise by much importunity. "Go away, Casaubon,

you weary me!" cried the close old citizen, rich in parchment-bound treasures, to whom Isaac had applied for the loan of the book. "I will not budge," replied the eager scholar, "until you hand over your annotated Polybius, now locked from sight in that oaken chest up stairs!" And he got it out of the old gentleman at last, and kept it too, as long as he wanted to use it.

What a list of friends was vouchsafed to the toiling man of letters, far back in that gloomy century! Scaliger, Heinsius, Grotius, and other worthies of the time were in familiar relations with him, and were his helpful correspondents. When he visited England, the highest in authority and learning flocked about him. King James himself made extraordinary advances, and was never weary of asking questions concerning his studies. His Majesty and the Continental scholar discussed Plutarch and Tacitus together, day after day, and the king, "in consequence of Casaubon's singular learning," granted him a yearly pension of three hundred pounds. The monarch was insatiable of Isaac's conversation, and the court carriage

was frequently seen rapidly hurrying with Casaubon to Hampton Court or Greenwich to meet his royal patron. Every Sunday the king demanded his presence, and was restless until he appeared. Lord Bacon flattered the stranger in a way to give him lasting content, and other men of eminence in the kingdom called him their peer.

It was indeed a life of strange vicissitudes and the sharpest contrasts. Mark Pattison of Lincoln College has told us the whole story of it in unsurpassable words, full of zeal and instruction. Whenever I see Mr. Pattison's name connected as author with book or essay of any kind, I cannot omit the perusal of it, for he has never, to my observation, affixed that name to an unworthy production. His is that judgment which is never refracted or discolored by prejudice; a priceless quality, and one not too often met with either in criticism or biography. To portray with graphic and impartial pen the career of a somewhat eccentric Huguenot scholar, writing and suffering in the reign of Henri IV., is a task surrounded by exceptional

perplexities; but there is no book extant, of a similar character, more honestly conceived and more profoundly instructive, than the portraiture of sturdy Isaac Casaubon as depicted by the eloquent Rector of Lincoln College.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.

I WAS lately lounging away a Roman morning among the gems in Castellani's sparkling rooms in the Via Poli, and one of the treasures handed out for rapturous examination was a diamond necklace, just finished for a Russian princess, at the cost of sixty thousand dollars; then was displayed a set of pearls for an English lady, who must pay, before she bears her prize homeward, the sum of ten thousand dollars. Castellani junior, a fine, patriotic young fellow, who has since been banished for his liberal ideas of government, smiled as he read astonishment in my eyes, and proceeded forthwith to dazzle me still further with more gems of rarest

beauty, till then hidden away in his strong iron boxes.

Castellani, father and son, are princes among jewellers, and deserve to be ranked as artists of a superior order. They have a grand way of doing things, right good to look upon; and I once saw a countrywoman of ours, who has written immortal words in the cause of freedom, made the recipient of a gem at their hands, which she cannot but prize as among the chief tributes so numerously bestowed in all parts of the Christian world where her feet have wandered.

Castellani's jeweller's shop has existed in Rome since the year 1814. At that time all the efforts of Castellani the elder were directed to the imitation of the newest English and French fashions, and particularly to the setting of diamonds. This he continued till 1823. From 1823 to 1827 he sought aid for his art in the study of technology. And not in vain; for in 1826 he read, before the *Accademia dei Lincei* of Rome (founded by Federico Cesi), a paper on the chemical process of coloring *a giallone* (yellow) in the manufacture of

gold, in which he announced some facts in the action of electricity long before Delarive and other chemists, as noticed in the "Quarterly Journal of Science," December, 1828, No. 6, and the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," 1829, Tom. XI., p. 84.

At this period Etruria began to lay open the treasures of her art. All were struck by the beauty of the jewels found in the tombs; but Castellani was the first who thought of reproducing some of them; and he did it to the great admiration of the amateurs, foremost among whom may be mentioned the Duke Don Michelangelo Caetani, a man of great artistic feeling, who aided by his counsels and his designs the *renaissance* of Roman jewelry.

The discovery of the celebrated tomb Regulini-Galassi at Cervetri was an event in jewelry. The articles of gold found in it (all now in the Vatican) were diligently studied by Castellani, when called upon to appraise them. Comprehending the methods and the character of the work, he boldly followed tradition.

The discoveries of Campanari of Toscanella, and of the Marquis Campana of Rome, gave valuable aid to this new branch of art. Thus it went on improving; and Castellani produced very expert pupils, all of them Italians. Fashion, if not public feeling, came to aid the *renaissance*, and others, in Rome and elsewhere, undertook similar work after the models of Castellani. It may be asserted that the triumph of the classic jewelry is now complete. Castellani renounced the modern methods of chasing and engraving, and adhered only to the antique fashion of overlaying with cords, grains, and finest threads of gold. From the Etruscan style he passed to the Greek, the Roman, the Christian. In this last he introduced the rough mosaics, such as were used by the Byzantines with much effect and variety of tint and of design.

The work of Castellani is dear; but that results from his method of execution, and from the perfect finish of all the details. He does not seek for cheapness, but for the perfection of art: this is the only thing he has in view. As he is a man

of genius, I have devoted considerable space to his admirable productions.

The Talmud informs us that Noah had no other light in the ark than that which came from precious stones. Why do not our modern jewellers take a hint from the ancient safety-boat, and light up accordingly? I dare say old Tavernier, that knowing French gem-trader of the seventeenth century, had the art of illuminating his château at Aubonne in a way wondrous to the beholder. Among all the jewellers, ancient or modern, Jean Baptiste Tavernier seems to me the most interesting character. His great knowledge of precious stones, his acute observation and unfailing judgment, stamp him as one of the superior men of his day. Forty years of his life he passed in travelling through Turkey, Persia, and the East Indies, trading in gems of the richest and rarest lustre. A great fortune was amassed, and a barony in the Canton of Berne, on the Lake of Geneva, was purchased as no bad harbor for the rest of his days. There he hoped to enjoy the vast wealth he had so industriously acquired.

But, alas! stupid nephews abound everywhere; and one of his, to whom he had intrusted a freight worth two hundred and twenty thousand livres, caused him so great a loss that, at the age of eighty-four, he felt obliged to sail again for the East in order to retrieve his fortune, or at least repair the ill luck arising from his disastrous speculation. He forgot, poor old man! that youth and strength are necessary to fight against reverses; and he died at Moscow, on his way, in 1689. When you visit the great Library in Paris, search for his "Travels," in three volumes, published in 1677–79, on a shelf among the quartos. Take them down, and spend a pleasant hour in looking through the pages of the enthusiastic old merchant-jeweller. His adventures in quest of diamonds and other precious commodities are well told; and, although he makes the mistakes incident to many other early travellers, he never wilfully romances. He supposed he was the first European who had explored the mines of Golconda; but an Englishman named Methold visited them as early as 1622, and found thirty thousand

laborers working away for the rich Marcandar, who paid three hundred thousand pagodas annually to the king for the privilege of digging in a single mine. The first mine visited by Tavernier was that of Raolconda, a five-days' journey from Golconda. The manner of trading there he thus describes: —

"A very pretty sight is that presented every morning by the children of the master-miners and of other inhabitants of the district. The boys, the eldest of which is not over sixteen or the youngest under ten, assemble and sit under a large tree in the public square of the village. Each has his diamond weight in a bag hung on one side of his girdle, and on the other a purse containing sometimes as much as five or six hundred pagodas. Here they wait for such persons as have diamonds to sell, either from the vicinity or from any other mine. When a diamond is brought to them, it is immediately handed to the eldest boy, who is tacitly acknowledged as the head of this little band. By him it is carefully examined, and then passed to his neighbor, who, having also inspected it, transmits it to the next boy. The stone is thus passed from hand to hand, amid unbroken silence, until it returns to that of the eldest, who then asks the price and makes the bargain. If the little

man is thought by his comrades to have given too high a price, he must keep the stone on his own account. In the evening the children take account of stock, examine their purchases, and class them according to their water, size, and purity, putting on each stone the price they expect to get for it; they then carry the stones to the masters, who have always assortments to complete, and the profits are divided among the young traders, with this difference in favor of the head of the firm, that he receives one fourth per cent more than the others. These children are so perfectly acquainted with the value of all sorts of gems that if one of them, after buying a stone, is willing to lose one half per cent on it, a companion is always ready to take it."

Master Tavernier discourses at some length on the ingenious methods adopted by the laborers to conceal diamonds which they have found, sometimes swallowing them, and he mentions a miner who hid in the corner of his eye a stone of two carats! Altogether, his work is one worthy to be turned over for its graphic pictures of gem-hunting two hundred years ago.

Professor Tennant says, "One of the common marks of opulence and taste in all countries is

the selection, preservation, and ornamental use of gems and precious stones." Diamonds, from the time Alexander ordered pieces of flesh to be thrown into the inaccessible valley of Zulmeah, that the vultures might bring up with them the precious stones which attached themselves, have everywhere ranked among the luxuries of a refined cultivation. It is the most brilliant of stones, and the hardest known body. Pliny says it is so hard a substance, that, if one should be laid on an anvil and struck with a hammer, look out for the hammer! [*Mem.* If the reader have a particularly fine diamond, never mind Pliny's story: the risk is something, and Pliny cannot be reached for an explanation, should his experiment fail.] By its own dust only can the diamond be cut and polished; and its great lustre challenges the admiration of the world. Ordinary individuals, with nothing to distinguish them from the common herd, have "got diamonds," and straightway became ever afterwards famous. An uncommon-sized brilliant, stuck into the front linen of a foolish fellow, will set him

up as a marked man, and point him out as something worth looking at. The announcement, in the papers of the day, that "Mademoiselle Mars would wear all her diamonds," never failed to stimulate the sale of tickets on all such occasions. As it may interest my readers to know what treasures an actress of 1828 possessed, I copy from the catalogue of her effects a few items.

"Two rows of brilliants set *en chatons*, one row composed of forty-six brilliants, the other of forty-four; eight sprigs of wheat in brilliants, composed of about five hundred brilliants, weighing fifty-seven carats; a garland of brilliants that may be taken to pieces and worn as three distinct ornaments, three large brilliants forming the centre of the principal flowers, the whole comprising seven hundred and nine brilliants, weighing eighty-five carats three-quarters; a Sévigné mounted in colored gold, in the centre of which is a burnt topaz surrounded by diamonds weighing about three grains each, the drops consisting of three opals similarly surrounded by diamonds; one of the three opals is of very large size, in shape

oblong, with rounded corners; the whole set in gold studded with rubies and pearls.

"A *parure* of opals, consisting of a necklace and Sévigné, two bracelets, ear-rings the studs of which are emeralds, comb, belt-plate set with an opal in the shape of a triangle; the whole mounted in wrought gold, studded with small emeralds.

"A Gothic bracelet of enamelled gold, in the centre a burnt topaz surrounded by three large brilliants; in each link composing the bracelet is a square emerald; at each extremity of the topaz forming the centre ornament are two balls of burnished gold and two of wrought gold.

"A pair of girandole ear-rings of brilliants, each consisting of a large stud brilliant and of three pear-shaped brilliants united by four small ones; another pair of ear-rings composed of fourteen small brilliants forming a cluster of grapes, each stud of a single brilliant.

"A diamond cross composed of eleven brilliants, the ring being also of brilliants.

"A bracelet with a gold chain, the centre-piece of which is a fine opal surrounded with brilliants;

the opal is oblong and mounted in the Gothic style; the clasp is an opal.

"A gold bracelet, with *grecque* surrounded by six angel heads graven on turquoises, and a head of Augustus.

"A serpent bracelet *à la Cléopatre*, enamelled black, with a turquoise on its head.

"A bracelet with wrought links burnished on a dead ground; the clasp a heart of burnished gold with a turquoise in the centre, graven with Hebrew characters.

"A bracelet with a row of Mexican chain, and a gold ring set with a turquoise and fastened to the bracelet by a Venetian chain.

"A ring, the hoop encircled with small diamonds.

"A ring, *à la chevalière*, set with a square emerald between two pearls.

"A gold *chevalière* ring, on which is engraved a small head of Napoleon.

"Two belt-buckles, Gothic style, one of burnished gold, the other set with emeralds, opals, and pearls.

"A necklace of two rows coral; a small bracelet of engraved carnelians.

"A comb of rose diamonds, form D 5, surmounted by a large rose surrounded by smaller ones, and a cinque-foil in roses, the *chatons* alternated, below a band of roses."

The weight of the diamond, as every one knows, is estimated in *carats* all over the world. And what is a carat, pray? and whence its name? It is of Indian origin, a *kirat* being a small seed that was used in India to weigh diamonds with. Four grains are equal to one carat, and six carats make one pennyweight. But there is no standard weight fixed for the finest diamonds. Competition alone among purchasers must arrange their price. The commercial value of gems is rarely affected, and among all articles of commerce the diamond is the least liable to depreciation. Panics that shake empires and topple trade into the dust seldom lower the cost of this king of precious stones; and there is no personal property that is so apt to remain unchanged in money value.

Diamond anecdotes abound, the world over;

but I have lately met with two brief ones which ought to be preserved.

"Carlier, a bookseller in the reign of Louis XIV., left, at his death, to each of his children — one a girl of fifteen, the other a captain in the guards — a sum of five hundred thousand francs, then an enormous fortune. Mademoiselle Carlier, young, handsome, and wealthy, had numerous suitors. One of these, a M. Tiquet, a Councillor of the Parliament, sent her on her fête-day a bouquet, in which the calices of the roses were of large diamonds. The magnificence of this gift gave so good an opinion of the wealth, taste, and liberality of the donor, that the lady gave him the preference over all his competitors. But sad was the disappointment that followed the bridal! The husband was rather poor than rich; and the bouquet, that had cost forty-five thousand francs (nine thousand dollars), had been bought on credit, and was paid out of the bride's fortune."

"The gallants of the Court of Louis XV. carried extravagance as far as the famous Egyptian queen. She melted a pearl, — they pulverized diamonds, to prove their insane magnificence. A lady having expressed a desire to have the portrait of her canary in a ring, the last Prince de Conti requested she would

allow him to give it to her; she accepted, on condition that no precious gems should be set in it. When the ring was brought to her, however, a diamond covered the painting. The lady had the brilliant taken out of the setting, and sent it back to the giver. The Prince, determined not to be gainsaid, caused the stone to be ground to dust, which he used to dry the ink of the letter he wrote to her on the subject."

Let me mention some of the most noted diamonds in the world. The largest one known, that of the Rajah of Matan, in Borneo, weighs three hundred and sixty-seven carats. It is egg-shaped and is of the finest water. Two large war-vessels, with all their guns, powder, and shot, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money, were once refused for it. And yet its weight is only about three ounces!

The second in size is the *Orloff*, or *Grand Russian*, sometimes called the *Moon of the Mountain*, of one hundred and ninety-three carats. The Great Mogul once owned it. Then it passed by conquest into the possession of Nadir, the Shah of Persia. In 1747 he was assassinated, and all the crown-jewels slipped out of the dead man's

fingers, — a common incident to mortality. What became of the great diamond no one at that time knew, till one day a chief of the Anganians walked, mole-footed, into the presence of a rich Armenian gentleman in Balsora, and proposed to sell him (no lisping, — not a word to betray him) a large emerald, a splendid ruby, and the great Orloff diamond. Mr. Shafrass counted out fifty thousand piastres for the lot; and the chief folded up his robes and silently departed. Ten years afterwards the people of Amsterdam were apprised that a great treasure had arrived in their city, and could be bought, too. Nobody there felt rich enough to buy the great Orloff sparkler. So the English and Russian governments sent bidders to compete for the gem. The Empress Catharine offered the highest sum; and her agent, the Count Orloff, paid for it in her name four hundred and fifty thousand roubles, cash down, and a grant of Russian nobility! The size of this diamond is that of a pigeon's egg, and its lustre and water are of the finest: its shape is not perfect.

The *Grand Tuscan* is next in order, for many

years held by the Medici family. It is now owned by the Austrian Emperor, and is the pride of the Imperial Court. It is cut as a rose, nine-sided, and is of a yellow tint, lessening somewhat its value. Its weight is one hundred and thirty-nine and a half carats; and its value is estimated at one hundred and fifty-five thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight pounds.

The most perfect, though not the largest, diamond in Europe is the *Regent*, which belongs to the Imperial diadem of France. Napoleon the First used to wear it in the hilt of his state sword. Its original weight was four hundred and ten carats; but after it was cut as a brilliant (a labor of two years, at a cost of three thousand pounds sterling), it was reduced to one hundred and thirty-seven carats. It came from the mines of Golconda; and the thief who stole it therefrom sold it to the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, when he was governor of a fort in the East Indies. Lucky Mr. Pitt pocketed one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds for his treasure, the purchaser being Louis XV. This amount, it is said,

is only half its real value. However, as it cost the Governor, according to his own statement, some years after the sale, only twenty thousand pounds, his speculation was "something handsome." Pope had a fling at Pitt, in his poetical way, intimating a wrong with regard to the possession of the diamond; but I believe the transaction was an honest one. In the inventory of the crown-jewels, the Regent diamond is set down at twelve million francs!

The *Star of the South* comes next in point of celebrity. It is the largest diamond yet obtained from Brazil; and it is owned by the King of Portugal. It weighed originally two hundred and fifty-four carats, but was trimmed down to one hundred and twenty-five. The grandfather of the present king had a hole bored in it, and liked to strut about on gala-days with the gem suspended around his neck. This magnificent jewel was found by three banished miners, who were seeking for gold during their exile. A great drought had laid dry the bed of a river, and there they discovered this lustrous wonder. Of course, on promulgating their

great luck, their sentence was revoked immediately.

The world-renowned *Koh-i-noor* next claims attention. A Venetian diamond-cutter (wretched, bungling Hortensio Borgis!) reduced the great Koh-i-noor from its primitive weight — nine hundred carats — to two hundred and eighty. Tavernier saw this celebrated jewel two hundred years ago, not long after its discovery. It came into the possession of Queen Victoria in 1849, *three thousand years*, say the Eastern sages, after it belonged to Karna, the King of Anga! On the 16th of July, 1852, the Duke of Wellington superintended the commencement of the re-cutting of the famous gem, and for thirty-eight days the operation went on. Eight thousand pounds were expended in the cutting and polishing. When it was finished and ready to be restored to the royal keeping, the person (a celebrated jeweller) to whom the whole care of the work had been intrusted allowed a friend to take it in his fingers for examination. While he was feasting his eyes over it, and turning it to the light in order to get the full force of

its marvellous beauty, down it slipped from his grasp and fell upon the ground. The jeweller nearly fainted with alarm, and poor "Butter-Fingers" was completely jellified with fear. Had the stone struck the ground at a particular angle, it would have split in two, and been ruined forever.

Innumerable anecdotes cluster about this fine diamond. Having passed through the hands of various Indian princes, violence and fraud are copiously mingled up with its history. I quote one of Madame de Barrera's stories concerning it: —

"The King of Lahore having heard that the King of Cabul possessed a diamond that had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest known, he invited the fortunate owner to his court, and there, having him in his power, demanded his diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short duration, — the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition

pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot were unbounded. He immediately caused the palace of the King of Cabul to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. But for a long while all search was vain ; at last a slave betrayed the secret, — the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set in an armlet, between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow's egg."

The *Shah of Persia,* presented to the Emperor Nicholas by the Persian monarch, is a very beautiful stone, irregularly shaped. Its weight is eighty-six carats, and its water and lustre are superb.

The various stories attached to the *Sancy* diamond, the next in point of value, would occupy many pages. During four centuries it has been accumulating romantic circumstances, until it is now very difficult to give its true narrative. If Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, ever wore it suspended round his neck, he sported a magnificent jewel. If the curate of Montagny bought it for a crown of a soldier who picked it up after the defeat of Granson, not knowing its value, the soldier was unconsciously cheated by

the curate. If a citizen of Berne got it out of the curate's fingers for three crowns, he was a shrewd knave. De Barante says, that in 1492 (Columbus was then about making land in this hemisphere) this diamond was sold in Lucerne for five thousand ducats. After that, all sorts of incidents are related to have befallen it. Here is one of them. — Henry IV. was once in a strait for money. The Sieur de Sancy (who gave his name to the gem) wished to send the monarch his diamond, that he might raise funds upon it from the Jews of Metz. A trusty servant sets off with it, to brave the perils of travel, by no means slight in those rough days, and is told, in case of danger from brigands, to swallow the precious trust. The messenger is found dead on the road, and is buried by peasants. De Sancy, impatient that his man does not arrive, seeks for his body, takes it from the ground where it is buried, opens it, and recovers his gem! In some way, not now known, Louis XV. got the diamond into his possession, and wore it at his coronation. In 1789, it disappeared from the crown-treasures, and no trace of

it was discovered till 1830, when it was offered for sale by a merchant in Paris. Count Demidoff had a lawsuit over it in 1832; and as it is valued at a million of francs, it was worth quarrelling about.

The *Nassuck Diamond*, valued at thirty thousand pounds, is a magnificent jewel, nearly as large as a common walnut. Pure as a drop of dew, it ranked among the richest treasures in the British conquest of India.

What has become of the great triangular *Blue Diamond*, weighing sixty-seven carats, stolen from the French Court at the time of the great robbery of the crown-jewels? Alas! it has never been heard from. Three millions of francs represented its value; and no one, to this day, knows its hiding-place. What a pleasant morning's work it would be to unearth this gem from its dark corner, where it has lain *perdu* so many years! The bells of Notre Dame should proclaim such good fortune to all Paris.

But enough of these individual magnificos. Their beauty and rarity have attracted sufficient

attention in their day. Yet I should like to handle a few of those Spanish splendors which Queen Isabel II. wore at the reception of the ambassadors from Morocco. That day she shone in diamonds alone to the amount of two million dollars! I once saw a monarch's sword, of which

"The jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,"

was valued at one hundred thousand dollars! But one of the pleasantest of my personal remembrances, connected with diamonds, is the picking up of a fine, lustrous gem which fell from O. B.'s violin bow (the gift of the Duke of Devonshire), one night, after he had been playing his magic instrument for the special delight of a few friends. The tall Norwegian wrapped it in a bit of newspaper, when it was restored to him, and thrust it into his cigar-box! [O. B. sometimes carried his treasures in strange places. One day he was lamenting the loss of a large sum of money which he had received as the proceeds of a concert in New York. A week afterwards he found his missing nine

hundred dollars stuffed away in a dark corner of one of his violin-cases.]

There is a very pretty diamond-story current in connection with the good Empress Eugénie. Madame de Barrera relates it in this wise: —

"When the sovereign of France marries, by virtue of an ancient custom kept up to the present day, the bride is presented by the city of Paris with a valuable gift. Another is also offered at the birth of the first-born.

"In 1853, when the choice of His Majesty Napoleon III. raised the Empress Eugénie to the throne, the city of Paris, represented by the Municipal Commission, voted the sum of six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a diamond necklace to be presented to Her Majesty.

"The news caused quite a sensation among the jewellers. Each was eager to contribute his finest gems to form the Empress's necklace, — a necklace which was to make its appearance under auspices as favorable as those of the famous *Queen's Necklace* had been unpropitious. But on the 28th of January, two days after the vote of the Municipal Commission, all this zeal was disappointed; the young Empress having expressed

a wish that the six hundred thousand francs should be used for the foundation of an educational institution for poor young girls of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

"The wish has been realized, and, thanks to the beneficent fairy in whose compassionate heart it had its origin, the diamond necklace has been metamorphosed into an elegant edifice, with charming gardens. Here a hundred and fifty young girls, at first, but now as many as four hundred, have been placed, and receive, under the management of those angels of charity called the *Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul*, an excellent education, proportioned to their station, and fitting them to be useful members of society.

"The solemn opening of the Maison Eugénie-Napoléon took place on the 1st of January, 1857.

"M. Veron, the *journaliste*, now deputy of the Seine, has given, in the 'Moniteur,' a very circumstantial account of this establishment. From it we borrow the following: —

"'The girls admitted are usually wretchedly clad: on their entrance they receive a full suit of clothes. Almost all are pale, thin, weak children, to whom melancholy and suffering have imparted an old and careworn expression. But, thanks to cleanliness, to wholesome and sufficient food, to a calm and well-regulated life, to the pure, healthy air they breathe, the natural

hues and the joyousness of youth soon reanimate the little faces; and with lithe, invigorated limbs and happy hearts, these young creatures join merrily in the games of their new companions. They have entered the institution old; they will leave it young.'

"The Empress Eugénie delights in visiting the institution of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This is natural. Her Majesty cannot but feel pleasure in the contemplation of all she has accomplished by sacrificing a magnificent but idle ornament to the welfare of so many beings rescued from misery and ignorance. These four hundred young girls will be so many animated, happy, and grateful jewels, constituting for Her Majesty in the present, and for her memory in the future, an ever-new set of jewels, an immortal ornament, a truly celestial talisman.

"A fresco painting represents, in a hemicycle, the Empress in her bridal dress, offering to the Virgin a diamond necklace; young girls are kneeling around her in prayer; admiration and fervent faith are depicted on their brows."

A very large amount of the world's capital is represented in precious stones, and ninety per cent of that capital so invested is in diamonds. This was not always the case. Ancient million-

naires held their enormous jewelry-riches more in colored stones than is the custom now. Crystallized carbon has risen in the estimation of capitalists, and crystallized clay has gone down in the scale of value.

If the diamond be the hardest known substance in the world's jewel-box, the pearl is by no means its near relation in that particular. The daughters of Stilicho slept undisturbed eleven hundred and eighteen years, with all their riches in sound condition, except the pearls that were found with their splendid ornaments. The other decorations sparkled in the light as brilliantly as ever; but the pearls crumbled into dust, as their owners had done centuries before. Eight hundred years before these ladies lived and wore pearls, a queen with "swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" tried a beverage which cost, exclusive of the vinegar which partly composed it, the handsome little sum of something over eighty thousand pounds. Diamond and vinegar would not have mixed so prettily.

Pearls are perishable beauties, exquisite in their perfect state, but liable to accident from the nature of their delicate composition. Remote antiquity chronicles their existence, and immemorial potentates eagerly sought for them to adorn their persons. Pearl-fisheries in the Persian Gulf are older than the reign of Alexander; and the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Coast of Coromandel yielded their white wonders ages ago. Under the Ptolemies, in the time of the Caliphs, the pearl-merchant flourished, grew rich, and went to Paradise. To-day the pearl-diver is grubbing under the waves that are lapping the Sooloo Islands, the coast of Coromandel, and the shores of Algiers. In Ceylon he is busiest, and you may find him from the first of February to the middle of April risking his life in the perilous seas. His boat is from eight to ten tons burden, and without a deck. At ten o'clock at night, when the cannon fires, it is his signal to put off for the bank opposite Condatchy, which he will reach by daylight, if the weather be fair. Unless it is calm, he cannot follow his trade. As

soon as light dawns, he prepares to descend. His diving-stone, to keep him at the bottom, is got ready, and, after offering up his devotions, he leaps into the water. Two minutes are considered a long time to be submerged, but some divers can hold out four or five minutes. When his strength is exhausted, he gives a signal by pulling the rope, and is drawn up with his bag of oysters. Appalling dangers compass him about. Sharks watch for him as he dives, and not infrequently he comes up maimed for life. It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he died from overexertion immediately after he reached land, having brought up with him a shell that contained a pearl of great size and beauty. Barry Cornwall has remembered the poor fellow in a song so full of humanity, that I quote his pearl-strung lyric entire.

"Within the midnight of her hair,
Half hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) forever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes, there it lies,

Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil 's withdrawn,
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet what doth all avail,
All its beauty, all its grace,
All the honors of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling, — dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

"Gentle Bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black, odorous hair,
Such a spoil! It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem,
Thou, within whose Eastern eyes
Thought (a starry Genius) lies,
Thou, whom Beauty has arrayed,
Thou, whom Love and Truth have made
Beautiful, in whom we trace
Woman's softness, angel's grace,
All we hope for, all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams?

"O sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be THOU forever known
By thy natural light alone!"

One of the best judges of pearls that ever lived, out of the regular trade, was no less a person than Cæsar. He was a great connoisseur, and could tell at once, when he took a pearl in his hand, its weight and value. He gave one away worth a quarter of a million dollars. Servilia, the mother of Brutus, was the lady to whom he made the regal present.

Caligula, not satisfied with building ships of cedar with sterns inlaid with gems, had a pearl collar made for a favorite horse! Pliny grows indignant as he chronicles the luxury of this Emperor.

"I have seen," says he, "Lollia Paulina, who

was the wife of the Emperor Caligula, — and this not on the occasion of a solemn festival or ceremony, but merely at a supper of ordinary betrothals, — I have seen Lollia Paulina covered with emeralds and pearls, arranged alternately, so as to give each other additional brilliancy, on her head, neck, arms, hands, and girdle, to the amount of forty thousand sesterces [£336,000 sterling] the which value she was prepared to prove on the instant by producing the receipts. And these pearls came, not from the prodigal generosity of an imperial husband, but from treasures which had been the spoils of provinces. Marcus Lollius, her grandfather, was dishonored in all the East on account of the gifts he had extorted from kings, disgraced by Tiberius, and obliged to poison himself, that his grand-daughter might exhibit herself by the light of the *lucernæ* blazing with jewels."

Nero offered to Jupiter Capitolinus the first trimmings of his beard in a magnificent vase enriched with the costliest pearls.

Catherine de Medicis and Diane de Poitiers almost floated in pearls, their dresses being pro-

fusely covered with them. The wedding robe of Anne of Cleves was a rich cloth-of-gold, thickly embroidered with great flowers of large Orient pearls. Poor Mary, Queen of Scots, had a wonderful lot of pearls among her jewels; and the sneaking manner in which Elizabeth got possession of them we will leave Miss Strickland, the biographer of Queens, to relate.

"If anything farther than the letters of Drury and Throgmorton be required to prove the confederacy between the English Government and the Earl of Moray, it will only be necessary to expose the disgraceful fact of the traffic of Queen Mary's costly *parure* of pearls, her own personal property, which she had brought with her from France. A few days before she effected her escape from Lochleven Castle, the righteous Regent sent these, with a choice collection of her jewels, very secretly to London, by his trusty agent, Sir Nicholas Elphinstone, who undertook to negotiate their sale, with the assistance of Throgmorton, to whom he was directed for that purpose. As these pearls were considered the most magnificent in Europe, Queen Elizabeth was complimented with the first offer of them. 'She saw them yesterday, May 2nd,' writes Bodutel La Forrest,

the French ambassador at the Court of England, 'in the presence of the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester, and pronounced them to be of unparalleled beauty.' He thus describes them: 'There are six cordons of large pearls, strung as paternosters; but there are five-and-twenty separate from the rest, much finer and larger than those which are strung; these are for the most part like black *muscades*. They had not been here more than three days, when they were appraised by various merchants; this Queen wishing to have them at the sum named by the jeweller, who could have made his profit by selling them again. They were at first shown to three or four working jewellers and lapidaries, by whom they were estimated at three thousand pounds sterling (about ten thousand crowns), and who offered to give that sum for them. Several Italian merchants came after them, who valued them at twelve thousand crowns, which is the price, as I am told, this Queen Elizabeth will take them at. There is a Genoese who saw them after the others, and said they were worth sixteen thousand crowns; but I think they will allow her to have them for twelve thousand.' 'In the mean time,' continues he, in his letter to Catherine of Medicis, 'I have not delayed giving your Majesty timely notice of what was going on, though I

doubt she will not allow them to escape her. The rest of the jewels are not near so valuable as the pearls. The only thing I have heard particularly described is a piece of unicorn richly carved and decorated.' Mary's royal mother-in-law of France, no whit more scrupulous than her good cousin of England, was eager to compete with the latter for the purchase of the pearls, knowing that they were worth nearly double the sum at which they had been valued in London. Some of them she had herself presented to Mary, and especially wished to recover; but the ambassador wrote to her in reply, that 'he had found it impossible to accomplish her desire of obtaining the Queen of Scots' pearls, for, as he had told her from the first, they were intended for the gratification of the Queen of England, who had been allowed to purchase them at her own price, and they were now in her hands.'

"Inadequate though the sum for which her pearls were sold was to their real value, it assisted to turn the scale against their real owner.

"In one of her letters to Elizabeth, supplicating her to procure some amelioration of the rigorous confinement of her captive friends, Mary alludes to her stolen jewels. 'I beg also,' says she, 'that you will prohibit the sale of the rest of my jewels, which the rebels have ordered in their Parliament, for you have promised

that nothing should be done in it to my prejudice. I should be very glad, if they were in safer custody, for they are not meat proper for traitors. Between you and me it would make little difference, and I should be rejoiced, if any of them happened to be to your taste, that you would accept them from me as offerings of my good-will.'

"From this frank offer it is apparent that Mary was not aware of the base part Elizabeth had acted, in purchasing her magnificent *parure* of pearls of Moray for a third part of their value."

One of the most famous pearls yet discovered (there may be shells down below that hide a finer specimen) is the beautiful *Peregrina.* It was fished up by a little negro boy in 1560, who obtained his liberty by opening an oyster. The modest bivalve was so small that the boy in disgust was about to pitch it back into the sea. But he thought better of his rash determination, pulled the shells asunder, and, lo! the rarest of priceless pearls! [*Moral.* Do not despise little oysters.] La Peregrina is shaped like a pear, and is of the size of a pigeon's egg. It was presented to Philip II. by the finder's master, and

is still in Spain. No sum has ever determined its value. The King's jeweller named five hundred thousand dollars, but that paltry amount was scouted as ridiculously small.

There is a Rabbinical story which aptly shows the high estimate of pearls in early ages, only one object in nature being held worthy to be placed above them.

"On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the collectors said, 'Pay us the custom'; and he said, 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him, 'Thou carriest clothes'; and he said, 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him, 'Thou carriest gold'; and he answered them, 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him, 'Surely thou bearest the finest silk': he replied, 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they, 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee'; and he only answered, 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, 'It cannot be but thou open the box, and let us see what is within.' So they

opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty, far exceeding even that of pearls."

Shakespeare, who loved all things beautiful, and embalmed them so that their lustre could lose nothing at his hands, was never tired of introducing the diamond and the pearl. They were his favorite ornaments; and I intended to point out some of the splendid passages in which he has used them, but have room for only one of those priceless sentences in which he has set the diamond and the pearl as they were never set before. No kingly diadem can boast such jewels as glow along these lines from "King Lear":—

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles
That played on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

THERE are certain books that are read to be laid aside, and there are certain other books that are laid aside to be read. No one who reads at all would care to die without having perused "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Paul and Virginia." These two stories are sometimes bound up together for the immediate use of young persons, who are sure to be told that they cannot afford to remain long in the world and be ignorant of the people who are native to this brace of attractive volumes. My first pilgrimage in London was to the rooms which Goldsmith had occupied, for I could not remember the time when "The Vicar of Wakefield" was

not a delight to me; and landing at Havre on my earliest visit to Europe, I had not been on shore a single hour before seeking out the house in which the author of "Paul and Virginia" was born, in the year 1737. I found the place without difficulty, having obtained direction to the locality from the very first person I appealed to for it in the street. Early in life I adopted the plan when in a strange place, either at home or abroad, of appealing for information as to street or person to an intelligent-looking female rather than to one of my own sex, and for this reason: Men are apt to be hurrying along, bent solely on their own affairs, and do not care to be stopped by a stranger and questioned as to matters unimportant perhaps to themselves. Besides, your average well-dressed man on the sidewalk is not half so apt to be possessed of the requisite knowledge as ladies who are moving over the same pavement. Male pedestrians, nine out of ten, are superficial, ill-mannered, and indifferent, or not in the mood for conferring favor of information on an inquiring stranger. Women, on the contrary,

are habitually more sympathetic and inclined to oblige. They are certainly, as a constitutional characteristic, much more graciously mannered than men, and I am yet to receive the first gruff reply from a *lady* in the street when I have requested answer to any question necessary for my convenience to be solved. The *mode* of bestowing a kindness is often of more value than the thing conferred. The art of being gracious is, to put it mildly, not exclusively possessed by those who go about the streets inside of hats, coats, and trousers. A man appealed to in the street tells you he *does not know* with a short, sharp report, like an unsympathetic revolver; a woman, not able to answer your question, does so with an apologetic smile and a beneficent tone, which linger in your memory sometimes like Titian's portraits, which Hazlitt says are all sustained by sentiment, and look as if the persons whom he painted sat to music.

Foreigners perhaps have more sympathy for strangers who need information than either English or Americans, and the instructed lady who

showed me the nearest way to Number 47, Rue de la Corderie, in Havre, seemed pleased that she could render me so gracious a service. Titania's exhortatory line to the elves in the case of Nick Bottom, "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman," could not have been better carried out. The good woman insisted upon proceeding with me to the quaint old house, although it was evidently not in the direction she was going when I met her; but the service was performed so kindly I could not offer a word of protest. Leading me along the quays we threaded our way through the bustling streets, piled up with cotton-bales, sugar-hogsheads, and other commodities, all reminding me of the tropical countries which had made Havre their port of trade. Unwonted cries of parrots and macaws filled the air, and their sparkling plumage made the streets resplendent with color. At length we came to the house we were in search of.

Entering the little shop on the lower floor, the master of it came smiling toward me and politely inquired what he could do to serve me.

"Will Monsieur please to be seated?"

"Merci! but I have no business," was my reply.

The little perruquier looked disappointed, and began to display his wares, consisting of odorous soap, combs, brushes, and other useful articles for the toilet.

"I have taken the liberty of entering the house in which the famous author of 'Paul and Virginia' was born, and of paying, as an American, the homage of my admiration for his genius," said I.

"Ah! he was indeed a grand author, and I am proud to do business on the very spot where he was born," replied the man.

The barber and I then sat down together near his door, for it was an hour of the day when no customers were stirring, and we then and there compared notes as to the great merits of St. Pierre, whose works were familiar as the Prayer-Book to my new friend. Indeed, he had a small copy of "The Indian Cottage" on his shelf of perfumes, and he handed it down for my inspection.

This, then, was the birthplace of a man who had given so much pleasure in the world, the starting-

point of a being destined to confer so lasting a benefit on mankind. The little barber being called away to wait upon a pompous and well-powdered gentleman who desired to have his wig put in "grand style" for the fête to be held next day at Ingouville, I had the whole doorway to myself. Many a time St. Pierre, when a youth, must have passed over this threshold. A man of acute sensibility all his life, in this narrow street he must have suffered some of the pangs that wait upon a temperament like his. I remember he says somewhere in his works that a single thorn could give him greater pain than a hundred roses confer pleasure; and I also recalled how deeply he was wounded by envious and malicious contemporaries, and how frequently disease lay in wait for him; how at one time he was seized with a strange malady, flashes of fire resembling lightning dancing before his eyes, every object appearing double and moving, — like Œdipus, seeing two suns in heaven. For years he was a man "perplexed in the extreme," and what he endured people born without nerves can never comprehend.

The complete works of St. Pierre fill twelve octavo volumes; but his fame will always rest on that tender little idyl, so full of romantic interest, published in 1788, which was written in a garret on the Rue St. Etienne-du-Mont in Paris. A touching incident connected with the manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" is recorded by L. Aimé Martin. Madame Necker invited St. Pierre to bring his new story into her salon, and read it before publication to a company of distinguished and enlightened auditors. She promised that the judges she would convene to hear him were among those she esteemed the most worthy. Monsieur Necker himself, as a distinguished favor, would be at home on the occasion. Buffon, the Abbé Galiani, Monsieur and Madame Germain, were among the tribunal when St. Pierre appeared and sat down with the manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" open before him. At first he was heard in profound silence; he went on, and the attention grew languid, the august assembly began to whisper, to yawn, and then listen no longer. Monsieur de Buffon pulled out his watch and called for his horses; those sitting near the door noise-

lessly slipped out; one of the company was seen in profound slumber; some of the ladies wept, but Monsieur Necker jeered at them, and they, ashamed of their tears, dared not confess how much interested they had been. When the reading was finished, not one word of praise followed it. Madame Necker criticised the conversations in the book, and spoke of the tedious and commonplace action in the story. A shower of iced water seemed to fall on poor St. Pierre, who retired from the room in a state of overwhelming depression. He felt as if a sentence of death had been pronounced on his story, and that "Paul and Virginia" was unworthy to appear before the public eye.

But a man of genius — the painter, Joseph Vernet, who had not been present at the reading at Madame Necker's — dropped in one morning on St. Pierre in his garret, and revived his almost sinking courage. "Perhaps Monsieur will read his new story to his friend Vernet?" So the author took up his manuscript, which since the fatal day had been cast aside, and began to read. As

Vernet listened the charm fell upon him, and at every page he uttered an exclamation of delight. Soon he ceased to praise; he only wept. When St. Pierre reached that part of the book which Madame Necker had found so much fault with, the author proposed to omit that portion of the narrative; but Vernet would not consent to omit anything. When the book was finished, Vernet threw his arms about St. Pierre, and told him he had produced a *chef-d'œuvre.* "My friend," exclaimed Vernet, "you are a great painter, and I dare to promise you a splendid reputation!" Fifty editions, that year "Paul and Virginia" was published, attested the wise judgment of Joseph Vernet.

Another striking incident in the career of the author was his appearance, in the year 1798, at a meeting of the Institute. He had been charged to make a report upon the prize question, "What institutions are the most proper to form a basis for public morals?" A strong sentiment of religion was a marked characteristic in the life of St. Pierre, and he was anxious to bring men back to

views of justice and consolation. On this occasion he seemed inspired, and his essay breathed out all the sweetness of the gospel. His colleagues at that time were a band of mercenary scholars, who were only anxious to retrench divinity to their own system of revolutionary action. It was in the presence of such an auditory that St. Pierre rose to read his report, and at the very first enunciation of his religious principles a cry of fury was directed against him from every part of the hall. Some jesting voices asked him when he had seen God, and what was his form. Derision and contempt were followed by outrage. Some insulted his age, charging him with dotage and superstition; some threatened to expel him from the Assembly, where he had made himself ridiculous; and several blaspheming members challenged him to a duel, in order to prove by crossing of weapons that there was no God. The ideologist, Cabanis, stood over him in a violent rage, crying out, "I swear there is no God, and I demand that his name never again be pronounced within these walls!" St. Pierre would hear no more, and, as

he left the hall, turned calmly to Cabanis and said, "Your master, Mirabeau, would have blushed at the words you have just uttered." Hastening to the library, St. Pierre committed to paper some thoughts called up by the scene he had just witnessed. It is said to be a compound of sweetness and strength, and a model of the most lofty eloquence. Prayer, conciliation, reconciliation, were his only replies to the insults that had been heaped upon him. He would not wrong himself by *trying to prove* that there was a God, but he recalled the ephemeral laws under which the people were then living, and compared them with the eternal laws of the Almighty. This document is said to be almost superior to anything else St. Pierre has ever written.

St. Pierre was an enthusiast for Nature, and we can never be grateful enough to the men and women who, like him, have written books to make us more in love with her beauties and harmonies, who have themselves been transported with the glories of her divine works, — those careful observers and students who have the power to

bring, even in winter months, the robins singing again about our doors, as in the summer time. For my own part, I can never be sufficiently thankful for the writings of Wordsworth, Thomson, Cowper, Bryant, Thoreau, Kingsley, and those other high-priests of Nature, who have spoken to us, either in their loftiest or simplest moods, of what is so elevating and instructive. It is a good thing to be alive while John Burroughs is bringing out, at pleasant intervals, his delightful volumes, so full of grace and accurate suggestion; and I always wish to take off my hat in homage, when I face him in the street, to George B. Emerson for those two noble volumes which can make the forests of Massachusetts our neighbors and companions every day in the year.

St. Pierre's "Studies of Nature" is full of interest, discursive though it is apt to be in many of its chapters. In one of the passages of this work he expressed a wish that he might find a suitable companion for life. Many letters making overtures for the situation poured in upon him. He finally married a beautiful and accomplished

daughter of the celebrated printer Didot, and two of their children were named Paul and Virginia. Some time after her death he espoused in second marriage a young girl of noble family named De Pellepore, with whom he lived in conjugal felicity to the end of his career. The disparity of their ages was no bar to their happiness; and the lady is described by those who knew her as a model wife and most careful guardian of his children.

St. Pierre died in the month of January, 1814, at the age of seventy-seven. His last years were filled with tranquillity, and were as happy as his youthful ones had been sad and restless. He was a beautiful old man in personal appearance, and his long silver hair, flowing carelessly over his well-knit shoulders, gave him prominence, as an individual, even in the crowded streets of Paris. The common people knew and loved his venerable form, and as they passed saluted with reverence the author of "Paul and Virginia."

I have in my possession an autograph letter written by him to Rembrandt Peale in the year 1809. Peale, when in France, painted a portrait

of the author, and when the picture was finished asked St. Pierre to give him in his own writing a brief memoir of his life. This request the venerable old man complied with in the form of an epistle, and I here print from the original the brief biography, in all its imperfect English; for the epistle was written, not in French, but in the language Rembrandt Peale was born to speak and read, — a compliment to the artist not to be overlooked.

"AMIABLE PHILADELPHE, THE REMBRANDT OF AMERICA:—

"You attach too much importance to my memory. Your father has written to thank me for having sitten to you. On your part you wish to add to the immortality which your pencil has given me in the New World, some notice of my life in the Old — doubtless to make compensation. And to give more weight to your request, it is made thro' your Consul-general, Mr. Warden. I shall endeavor to satisfy you in a few words.

"I was born in 1737 at Havre de Grace en Normandy. The eldest of 3 brothers and 2 sisters (from whom there remains only a little

nephew,) my parents gave me what is called in Europe, a good Education—at 12 years, disgusted with study, and profiting by the friendship of an Uncle who Commanded a Vessel of Commerce, I made a Voyage to Martinique, but returned still more discontented with my relation, the sea, and the Island, where I had nearly died with the Yellow fever, than I had been with my Pedagogue and his College.

"On my return I recommenced my studies; my father sending me successively to Gisors, and to Rouen with the Jesuits, where I acquired a taste for letters, which I completed at the University of Caen.

"There yet was wanting some business which should insure me a fortune for the future; I was sent to Paris to the school of Bridges and Causeways, where I learnt to draw plans and the Mathematics,—from there I entered into a Corps of Engineers of Camps and Armies — I formed a Company and the year following was sent to Malta, then threatened with Invasion by the Turks. The Turks came not, but I had a considerable quarrel

with the Engineers in Ordinary, in consequence of not being of their Corps. It did me honor, but I lost my place.

"I resolved then to pass into foreign service — sold the little I had and embarked for Holland with the intention of passing into Portugal, on the eve of a War with Spain. But General Piquebourg, who was to command the Portuguese troops, had set off 3 days before. A new war broke out in the North, the Emperor of Russia, Peter the 3, wished to possess Holstein and was to begin by attacking Lubeck. That city was commanded by one of my compatriots, the Chevalier de Chasot — I offered him my service as engineer, and I remained with him 2 months, waiting from day to day the arrival of the Russians, when we learned that their Emperor was dethroned. His wife, Catharine 2, desirous of restoring the liberal Arts, which her husband hated, had offered to Mr. Torelli, Father-in-law of the Ch^{r} de Chasot, to be Director of the Academy of Painting at St. Petersburg. I resolved to accompany him — We embarked for Cronstad the 1st of Sept. and arrived

at St. Petersburg near the end of the month. There we learnt that the Empress was at Moscow, which rendered my letters of recommendation useless, untill the month of January, when I made that Journey — The Grand Master of Artillery received me well and I entered as Lieutenant Engineer in the *Corps of Genius;* I should probably have finished my days in that country, if winters of 6 months duration, and manners not less rude, had not injured my health; so that, after a year and a half of service, I took leave. I returned to France by the way of Poland, which country being then divided by civil wars, I was desirous of doing something for the advantage of my Country, and therefore joined the party protected by France and commanded by Prince Rdzivil, and was made Prisoner by the Russian party whose service I had just quitted — I was happy to procure his esteem even in my Prison — after 9 days I was released and permitted to return to France or to reside in Varsovie — Here I passed 3 months during the (fêtes) festivals and thence took my route by Dresden, situated in a charming Country,

but the half of whose houses were prostrate by a series of Bombardments by the King of Prussia. Their situation could be relieved only by the strictest economy, and having reformed the greater part of the Army, there were no places to be obtained. From Dresden I went to Berlin, curious to compare the voluptuous Saxons with the warlike Prussians — Berlin, and especially Potsdam, appeared to me like magnificent Barracks. I saw nothing in the Streets but Soldiers, and Priests at the Windows. The King offered me a place but I thanked him, the compensation which was attached to the office of Engineer did not afford wherewith to live on. At last I visited Vienna, but the pride of its inhabitants and especially of its nobility determined me to depart almost as soon as I had arrived. I returned to Paris where I found an opportunity of embarking for the Isle of France. It was intended to establish a French Colony at Madegascar. I was named Engineer of Fort Dauphin — but happily I was detained at the Isle of France by disunion among the Chiefs. The one intended for Madagascar was recalled at

the end of some months, having lost almost all his men by a series of intemperance in an unknown Climate.

"I remained 2 years on the Isle of France much occupied with the duties of my service — I should have been happy there but all was in combustion — the intendant and the governor, the inhabitants and the military, the private persecutions of the Engineers in Ordinary, who in me beheld an officer not of their Corps, my small pay as Captain, received in paper money, which lost 100 per cent; and more than I can describe the deplorable condition of the Unhappy Blacks, the continual prospect of the hardships of their race, threw me into a profound melancholy. I solicited my return to France and obtained it. I depended on the credit of an Ambassador by whom I was sent to that island — he had promised to attach me to his fortunes — I sent him some precious curiosities acquired at my own expense and from the generosity of some friends; which he accepted and offered me nothing more than an opportunity of returning as I went.

"I now resolved no longer to depend on others. I was satisfied that Providence reigned over all Nature, and that Mankind shared in the general concern, notwithstanding their Disorders. I therefore determined to dig my own land for water, and not depend on my Neighbors. I again took up my Pen altho' I had already made an unsuccessful effort. On my return from my Journeys in the North, I had written a large Memoir on the subject of Holland, Prussia, Poland, and Russia, which I had overrun, and sent it to the Minister of foreign affairs, but it produced no effect—I, however, predicted the partition of Poland by the 3 neighbouring powers. The next time I resolved to make the public my judges—I wrote my voyage to the Isle of France and printed it without my name. It procured me some praises from the journalists, but it made me enemies at Versailles —they could not pardon my having published the disorders of the Colony and deploring the fate of the unhappy blacks.

"I was not discouraged—I extended my views and at the end of some years retreat, published

the 3 first volumes of my studies of Nature with my name and my surnames. I there attacked all kinds of errors and abuses and I foretold an approaching Revolution if the remedy for them was not hastened. This Work had the best success, passing thro' 5 successive Editions, before which time I had added two other volumes. This Work made my circumstances easy, and but for false copies, would have made my fortune. During the first Editions, I received several Pensions from the Court without having solicited them — Louis 16 himself named me Intendant of the Garden of Plants and the Museum of Natural History. I married and had several children.

"I began to be happy when the Revolution, which I predicted, arrived. I lost my place, my pensions, and almost all my means.

"Finally the star of our illustrious Emperor, Bonaparte, has dissipated all those clouds. He has rebuilt part of my fortune by several Pensions, to which he added the Cross of honour. His brother Joseph, King of Spain, put the finish to it by a pension of 6 thousand Francs. I owe

these unsolicited favours entirely to the natural beneficence of these two Princes.

"I am equally happy on the side of Nature. I have two amiable children; my daughtor *Virginie* aged 14 years educated at Ecouen by order of the Emperor — and my son *Paul*, 12 years old, who studies in my neighbourhood. I early lost their mother, but I found in a second wife, a rare woman who has raised them from infancy and who takes care of my old age with equal affection. I am 72 years old and enjoy health without Infirmity. Philosophy and the Muses have always their charms for me.

"Two years ago, I published a Drama on the death of Socrates, to which I added several small pieces — at present I am employed on a long work which I began many years since — providence having favoured me with every means. I have a commodious and agreeable Hermitage, 7 leagues from Paris on the borders of the Oise. I there spend, in perfect liberty, with a part of my family, the half of every month in fine weather. Thus my vessel, so long beat about by the tempests,

proceeds in peace, with favourable winds towards the port of life. Before the anchor must be thrown forever, I try to crown the Stern with some fresh flowers.

"O Wise Americans, I have often wished I could have happily cultivated a little corner of your vast Forests and should have been doubtless unknown to you — But if I have, in my rambles thro' the World, merited the monument of Friendship which you have erected to me in your Gallery, I shall bless all the evils I have suffered.

"Accept the sentiments of my Gratitude.

"JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

"PARIS, the 28 August, 1809."

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

A PLAIN TALK WITH MY NEPHEWS.

LET me tell you, my dear lads, some of the things I would do if I were a boy again, — some of the too-often neglected acts I would strive to accomplish if it were in my power to begin all over anew.

This paper was written expressly for you young fellows who are beginning to think for yourselves, and are not averse to hearing what an old boy, who loves you, has to say to his younger fellow-students.

When we are no longer young we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more, and the things we have neglected rise up

and mortify us every day of our lives. May I enumerate some of the important matters, large and small, that, if I were a boy again, I would be more particular about?

I think I would learn to use my *left* hand just as freely as my right one, so that, if anything happened to lame either of them, the other would be all ready to write and "handle things," just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would soon render one set of fingers just as expert as the other; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the hand nearest the object took hold of it and did the office desired.

I would accustom myself to go about in the dark, and not be obliged to have a lamp or candle on every occasion. Too many of us are slaves to the daylight, and decline to move forward an inch unless everything is visible. One of the most cheerful persons I ever knew was a blind old man,

who had lost his sight by an accident at sea during his early manhood. He went everywhere, and could find things more easily than I could. When his wife wanted a spool of cotton, or a pair of scissors from up stairs, the gallant old gentleman went without saying a word, and brought it. He never asked any one to reach him this or that object, but seemed to have the instinct of knowing just where it was and how to get at it.

Surprised at his power of finding things, I asked him one day for an explanation; and he told me that, when he was a boy on board a vessel, it occurred to him that he might some time or other be deprived of sight, and he resolved to begin early in life to rely more on a sense of feeling than he had ever done before. And so he used to wander, by way of practice, all over the ship in black midnight, going down below, and climbing around anywhere and everywhere, that he might, in case of blindness, not become wholly helpless and of no account in the world. In this way he had educated himself to do without eyes when it became his lot to live a sightless man.

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up.

What a pleasure it is in after-life to be able to *make something*, as the saying is! — to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there! Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight; and, should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and my friend, the learned and lovable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it

together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet; but there is nothing *mechanical* about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author of great repute said to me not long ago, "Professor Holmes is writing the best English of our time." And I could not help adding, "Yes, and inventing the best stereoscopes, too!"

I think I would ask permission, if I had happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all *accurate* rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are *certain* of very few.

It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed

me a bunch of pansies, and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums.

What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name? When we go to the opera, we are fully posted up with regard to all the principal singers, and why should we know nothing of the owners of voices that far transcend the vocal powers of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson?

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after-life as an explorer or a traveller, when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage, and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The ex-President told me he had learned about such matters

on a farm in his boyhood, and so he was never at loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

If I were a boy again, I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail, and, above all, how to become proof against sea-sickness. I would conquer *that* malady before I grew to be fifteen years old. It *can* be done, and ought to be done in youth, for all of us are more or less inclined to visit foreign countries, either in the way of business or mental improvement, to say nothing of pleasure. Fight the sea-sick malady long enough, and it can be conquered at a very early age.

Charles Dickens, seeing how ill his first voyage to America made him, resolved after he got back to England to go into a regular battle with the winds and waves, and never left off crossing the British Channel, between Dover and Calais, in severe weather, until he was victor over his own stomach, and could sail securely after that in storms that kept the ravens in their nests. "Where there 's a will there 's a way," even out

of ocean troubles; but it is well to begin early to assert supremacy over salt-water difficulties. "When Cæsar undertook a thing," says his biographer, "his *body* was no obstacle."

Of course every young person nowadays, male or female, learns to swim, and so no advice on that score need be proffered; but if I were a boy again I would learn to float half a day, if necessary, in as rough a bit of water as I could find on our beautiful coast. A boy of fifteen who cannot keep his head and legs all right in a stiff sea ought to — try until he can. No lad in these days ought to drown, — if he can help it!

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it naturally in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay, and sooner or later we contract a disease called *insomnia*,

allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us; and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

If I were a boy again, I would have a blank-book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me.

On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them, and if the horse fell ill, down should go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there too. If the cat or the dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

There are hundreds of things I would correct in my life if I were a boy again, and among them is this especial one: I would be more careful of my teeth. Seeing since I have grown up how much suffering is induced by the bad habit of constantly

eating candies and other sweet nuisances, I would shut my mouth to all allurements of that sort. Very hot and very cold substances I would studiously avoid.

Toothache in our country is one of the national crimes. Too many people we meet have swelled faces. The dentist thrives here as he does in no other land on this planet, and it is because we begin to spoil our teeth at the age of five or six years. A child, eight years old, asked me not long ago if I could recommend him to a dentist "who did n't hurt"! I pitied him, but I was unacquainted with such an artist. They all hurt, and they cannot help it, poor, hard-working gentlemen, *charging*, as they do, like Chester.

I would have no dealings with tobacco, in any form, if I were a boy again. My friend Pipes tells me he is such a martyr to cigar-boxes that his life is a burden. The habit of smoking has become such a tyrant over him that he carries a tobacco bowsprit at his damp, discolored lips every hour of the day, and he begs me to warn all the boys

of my acquaintance, and say to them emphatically, "Don't learn to smoke!" He tells me, sadly, that his head is sometimes in such a dizzy whirl, and his brain so foul from long habits of smoking he cannot break off, that he is compelled to forego much that is pleasant in existence, and live a tobacco-tortured life from year to year. Poor Pipes! he is a sad warning to young fellows who are just learning to use the dirty, unmannerly weed.

As I look back to my school-days I can remember so many failures through not understanding how to avoid them, that I feel compelled to have this plain talk all round with you. I take it for granted that I am writing for those sensible lads who mean to have their minds keep the best company possible, and never suffer them to go sneaking about for inferiority in anything. To be young is a great advantage, and now is the golden time to store away treasures for the future. I never knew a youth yet who would be willing to say, "I don't mean to get understanding; I don't wish to know much of anything; I have no desire to

compass to-day more and better things than I knew yesterday; I prefer, when I grow up, to be an ignorant man, a mere passive wheel in the great machine of the universe." The richest rascal that ever lived never started with the idea in *boyhood* that he would repudiate morals, make money, and avoid ideas!

One of the most common of all laments is this one, and I have heard it hundreds of times from grayheaded men in every walk of life, "O, that my lost youth could come back to me, and I could have again the chance for improvement I once had!" What "lucky fellows" you are, to be sure, with the privilege of being about twelve or fifteen years old! still keeping within your own control those priceless opportunities when the portals of knowledge are standing wide open and inviting you in, and not one adverse spirit daring to hold you back. Don't I wish I could be a boy again! We, who are swiftly stepping westward towards the setting sun, cannot help crying out to you, who are still in the Eastern quarter of life, what

Horace Mann used to sound in our ears when we were as young as you are, "Orient yourselves!"

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle. The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, cannot be estimated. Do not forget that a *useless* life is an early death!

I thank Mr. Longfellow for having written the following lines. When he read them to me I thanked him heartily, and now I do it again, as I quote them for you to commit to memory from these pages: —

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
(Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!)
Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands:
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

I wonder if any of you, my young friends, ever happened to read of a poor, unhappy old man who stood one New Year's night at the window of his dwelling and thought over all the errors of his youth, what he had neglected to do of good, and what he had committed of evil; how his bosom was filled with remorse, how his desolate soul was wrung as he reflected on the past follies of a long life. The days when he was strong and active wandered about him like ghosts. It was too late to retrieve his lost youth. The grave was waiting for him, and with unspeakable grief he bethought him of the time spent in idleness, of the left-hand road he had chosen which had led him into ruinous follies and years of slothfulness. Then he recalled the names of his early companions who had selected the right-hand path, and were now happy and content in their declining days, having lived the lives of virtuous, studious men, doing the best they were able in the world. Then he cried to his dead father, who had warned him when he was a lad to follow the good and shun the evil pathways of existence, "O father, give me back my lost

youth, that I may live a different life from the one I have so long pursued!" But it was too late now to make moan. His father and his youth had gone together. There the poor bewildered creature stands, blinded with tears, but still beseeching Heaven to give him back his youth once more. Few spectacles are more terrible to contemplate than the broken-down figure of that weeping old man, lamenting that he cannot be young again, for then he would lead a life so different from the one he had lived.

But what a thrill of pleasure follows the sad picture we have been contemplating when we are told it was only a fearful dream that a certain young man was passing through, a vision only of possible degradation, and that Heaven had taken this method of counselling the youth to turn aside from the allurements that might beset his path, and thus be spared the undying remorse that would surely take possession of him when he grew to be a man, if he gave way to self-indulgence and those wandering idle ways that lead to error, and oftentimes to vice and crime. The misery of a

life to be avoided was thus prefigured, and the young man awoke to thank Heaven it was only a dream, and resolve so to spend God's great gift of time that no horror, such as he had suffered that night in sleep, should ever arise to haunt his waking hours.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with and then deal honestly with myself, to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities, and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits; I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material; if I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend, and if advised to pursue it I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly followed in boyhood.

If I were a boy again I would practice *persever-*

ance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave

consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids, — the eagle and the snail!"

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener, I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment; we do not bend our energies *close* enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually *attentive* is one easily obtained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I could n't fix my *attention* on the sermon, or book, although I wished to

do so," and the reason is that a *habit* of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention, for he said he was losing the power to *read*. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty, but that the *will* to enjoy it had gone from him forever, for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshalled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up at the bottom of the leaf!

If I were to live my life over again I would pay more attention to the cultivation of *memory*. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately, but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs

early cultivation to become a *power*. Everybody can acquire it. When I was a youth, a classmate of mine came to me with a long face and told me he was in danger of being supplanted in the regard of a young person of the gentler sex by a smart fellow belonging to another school, who was daily in the habit of calling on the lady and repeating to her from memory whole poems of considerable length. "What would you do?" sighed the lad to me. "Do?" said I, "I would beat him on his own ground, and at once commit to memory the whole of 'Paradise Lost,' book by book, and every time the intruder left Amelia's house, I would rush in and fire away! Depend upon it," I said, "she is quite taken by surprise with the skilful *memory* of her new acquaintance, and you must beat him with surpassing feats of the same quality." "O, but," said my friend, "I have, as you know, a very *poor* memory!" "The more reason now for cultivating that department of your intellect," I rejoined. "If you give way to idle repining and do nothing, that fellow will soon be firmly

seated in your place. I should not wonder if he were now at work on Thomson's 'Seasons,' for his infamous purpose. Delay no longer, but attack John Milton after supper to-night, and win the prize above all competition!" Ezekiel began in good earnest, and before the summer was over he had memorized the whole of "Paradise Lost," rehearsed it to Amelia, and gained the victory!

If I were a boy again I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time. An ac-

quaintance of mine in England, a boy of fourteen, gave me one day such eloquent and intelligent reasons for his preference of Edmund Burke above all other patriotic statesmen of his time, as made me reflect how little the average American lad of that age would be apt to know of the comparative merits of Webster and Calhoun as men of mark and holding the highest consideration thirty years ago in the United States. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study it is surely the history of our own land, and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply, as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A General in the Revolutionary War, sir."

If I were a boy again I would strive to become a fearless person, I would cultivate *courage* as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author

of a late essay on conduct. Too many of us nowadays are overcome by fancied lions in the way, lions that never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at, and if we are hunting for terrors they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. In America we are too prone to borrow trouble and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, *until he came to it!* Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared. Achilles, you remember, was said to be invulnerable, but he never went into battle without being completely armed!

If I were a boy again I would look on the *cheerful* side of everything, for everything almost has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you,

but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say "*No*" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy, but the whole subject is so admirably treated by dear old President James Walker, who was once the head of Harvard College, that I beg you to get his volume of discourses and read what he has to tell you about saying *No* on every proper occasion. Dr. Walker had that supreme art of "putting things" which is now so rare among

instructors of youth or age, and what he has left for mankind to read is written in permanent ink.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more *courtesy* towards my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself towards *strangers* as well. The smallest *courtesies*, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to *be* happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve* happiness.

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